

THE PACIFIC

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 4, 1901.

Number 14.

The Plodder's Petition.

L ORD, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent—
Make me aspire!
When days with cares are filled,
Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled
Of something higher!

Help me to long for mental grace.
To struggle with the commonplace
I daily find.
May little deeds not bring to fruit
A crop of little thought to suit
A shriveled mind.

I do not ask for place among
Great thinkers who have taught and sung,
And scorned to bend
Under the trifles of the hour.
I only would not lose the power
To comprehend.

—Helen Gilbert.

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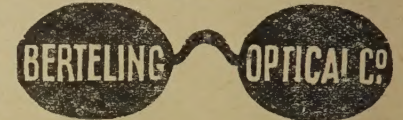
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THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy."

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, April 4, 1901.

Editorial.

Life.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written of the soul."

"Not Here, but Risen."

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago, on the day that is commemorated in the Christian church this week as "Good Friday," the followers of the crucified Redeemer tenderly prepared his body for burial. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, both men of high rank in Jewish councils, constrained by recent events to some public avowal of their belief in Jesus as the Messiah, led in those loving ministrations. Indeed, those who had been known theretofore as disciples, it seems, had no part in this preparation. No censure, however, can rest upon them, for they had not access to Pilate as Joseph of Arimathea, a member of the great council, had. Marking the spot where they had lain him, the women friends of Jesus, who had followed after as they went to the burial, returned to their homes and prepared spices and ointments for further attention to the body of their loved one after the passing of the Sabbath. It was to these women, as they went with those spices to the tomb early in the morning of the first day of the week, that there came the angelic announcement, "He is not here, but is risen." They had forgotten, or had not understood, the words that he had spoken unto them in Galilee. But they loved him in death as they had loved him in life; and that love, like the magnet, drew them to the tomb for the showing of all attention to his mortal body, according to the ancient custom, while attention was yet possible.

From the time that there came to those disciples announcement of the resurrection of their Master dates a new era in their lives. A new sense of his mission in the world dawned upon them. And after, in various ways, that sense had been deepened and they had been brought to realize the full meaning and scope of the mission, they went forth with undaunted spirit to lay the foundations of his kingdom upon the earth. He was forever thereafter a living, and not a dead, Christ. Never thereafter did there pass from their memory the words: "I go to

prepare a place for you. * * * I am the resurrection and the life. * * * Because I live ye shall live also."

It was a message, a certified message, such as the world had long been yearning to receive. Down through all the centuries generation after generation, as they had laid away in final rest their loved ones, had looked into the tomb, but not through it. But now, all the dim evidences of immortality had been gathered together in him—in his words to them during his earthly ministry—and finally there had been added the assuring testimony of his own resurrection.

Is any one questioning today whether Christ is the resurrection and the life, let that one give to him the service of love and questioning will be no more. To all who do his will there comes the knowledge that his teachings are from God. It is for every soul to hear—not as the women at the sepulcher heard them, but in no less impressionable a manner—the words, "He is not here, but is risen"—

"O hearts of love! O souls that turn
Like sunflowers to the pure and best!
To you the truth is manifest:
For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean like John upon his breast!"

The Christ needs neither a tomb nor spices for his body now. But he does need temples. Only as souls are made the temples for his spirit can his kingdom gain supremacy upon the earth. It was to gain full earthly supremacy for his kingdom that he came from the heavenly throne; and so we say he *needs* temples. But whatever his need of us, we have far more need of him. It is only in and through him that any life can be truly lived. He is the light of the world; to his spirit working upon the hearts of men must be referred everything which from the dawn of creation has blessed the world.

As you go in thought to his tomb this week take with you the gift of a heart fully consecrated to his service. So shall you hear the words: "He is not here, but is risen"—

"There are who, like the seer of old,
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain-side
Is white with many an angel tent.

They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Sends down, his pathway to prepare;
And light, from others hidden, shines
On their high place of faith and prayer."

Shall We Look on Theosophy with Approval?

Advice good and bad may be had in unlimited quantities without money and without price. That which relieves the situation, when it is bad, is the fact that no one is under obligation to accept it. With such understanding considerable was tendered the Congregational ministers, in their Monday meeting last week, in the matter of Christian Science and Theosophy; particularly as to the latter. They were advised to look on these and others "isms" and speculations both with tolerance and with an appreciation which, if carried as far as the defense of it by the one who read the paper, would be approval. Thus, it was said, would they better minister to the welfare of men and women within their spheres of influence. Just what there is in Theosophy to lead any Christian minister to regard it with approval we are unable to see. It was Madame Blavatsky who announced some years ago that one of the objects of the Society of which she was the founder was "to spread among the 'poor benighted heathen' such evidences as to the practical results of Christianity as will at least give both sides of the story to the communities among which missionaries are at work." Christendom, she said, had long been "minutely informed of the degradation and brutishness into which Buddhism, Brahminism and Confucianism have plunged their deluded votaries, and many millions have been lavished upon foreign missions under such false representations." Believing that Theosophy had something far better for them than Christianity, she planned to undermine the latter by having published among them "reports of the ecclesiastical crimes and misdemeanors, schisms and heresies, controversies and litigations, doctrinal differences and Biblical criticisms and revisions, with which the press of Christian Europe and America constantly teems." In every one of these quotations are Madame Blavatsky's own words. They indicate a spirit of malevolence toward Christianity. And according to the statement of Colonel Olcott, its great apostle, its intent is "to tear Christianity to tatters."

Christian religion proclaims atonement for sin by the sacrifice of Christ. Theosophy seeks to rid the world of this belief by proclaiming a series of incarnations in which the soul cancels some of its penalty, only perhaps in the next incarnation to add something to the original account. And in the heaven of the Theosophist there is practical effacement of the conscious personality. Christianity leads somewhere. Theosophy leads nowhere.

But, Mrs. Annie Besant is the great high priestess of Theosophy just now. And what is Mrs. Besant saying? Only a few years ago she told the people of India that she was a Hindu in a former birth, and that she had come to visit her own land after a sojourn in the West, where she had been incarnated in order that she might know the nature of the material civilization of the West; and then she said: "Western civilization, with all its discoveries in science, is nothing compared with Hindu civilization."

In 1893 a committee from the Madras Hindu Social

Reform Association asked Mrs. Besant several important questions on social matters in India. They wondered why the beautiful philosophy that she had come so far to study on its native soil had not done more for the Hindu women. When Mrs. Fuller was writing her book, "The Wrongs of Indian Womanhood," in 1899, she stated that one of that committee had told her that no answers had been given to the questions up to that time, six years after they had been propounded. The condition of its women is a test of a nation's civilization. Therefore, this is a strange silence on the part of one so highly exalting Hindu civilization.

In a recent newspaper interview Colonel Olcott tells of the Mahatmas that he has seen—fourteen in all in different parts of the world. He says: "I have met them on the crowded streets of London or on the dreary deserts of India. But wherever you meet them, whatever language they speak, there is no mistaking the type of the masters. The divine glory shines in the face of the exalted one, his touch is a blessing in itself, an all-powerful magnetism surrounds his presence. No one who has ever seen a Mahatma can be in doubt when they appear."

The great difficulty in the propagation of Theosophy seems to lie in the fact that its masters are too etherealized to come in contact with ordinary human nature. If the Mahatmas are to revolutionize the world they will have to come down from their oasis in the far Indian deserts, and get in touch with humanity on its level. Shall we look on Theosophy with approval? Not yet. We await the appearance before us of a Mahatma in all the glory and power of his astral personality. Perhaps the disciples of the departed Madame, whom they believe had the power to clasp for a moment a hand with a plain gold ring on one of the fingers and leave it with three diamonds set in the ring as nicely as by the jeweler's art, will marshal one for our conversion. Writing thus in our study along toward the "wee sma' hours of the night," the eyes are turned involuntarily toward the open door, with the thought that there may be seen standing there an astral personality, projected through locked outer doors from the far-away mountains of India. None appears. But how much time, under certain morbid conditions, would be required to station one there, seemingly, in all his luminous majesty?

Speaking on the text, "They that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee," D. L. Moody once said: "I have known God for forty years, and I have more confidence in him now than I ever had before; it increases every year." And then he added in regard to the Bible: "Some things that were dark ten years ago are plain today, and some things that are dark now will be plain ten years hence." Doubtless many things that were not plain to Mr. Moody in this earthly life are plain now in the heavenly. "Ye shall know hereafter," was the promise. And all they who live up to what they know here, as D. L. Moody did, shall know hereafter.

Notes.

At its last meeting the San Francisco Association had the pleasure of the presence of the Rev. Dr. E. H. Avery, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church of this city, and of a paper from him on the subject, "The Bible—What It Is." Dr. Avery at our request furnished the paper for publication, and we have pleasure in presenting it to our readers this week.

The Home Missionary for April presents a birds' eye view of the work of the Congregational Home Missionary Society at the close of its first seventy-five years. It is an exceedingly valuable number. It arrives just as The Pacific is about to go to press. But a glance at it enables us to discern its value and to conclude that every person interested in Home Missions will not only wish to read it, but also to preserve it for reference. Among other special features are portraits of the superintendents and secretaries. We look into the faces of C. F. Clapp of Oregon, J. L. Maile of Southern California, J. K. Harrison of Central and Northern California, A. J. Bailey, until recently of Washington, William Davies of Alaska, and scores of others—all tried and true in the work to which they have been called.

The Hassalo church of Portland, of which the Rev. B. S. Winchester is pastor, gives one evening of its Passion Week services to the consideration of "The Child's Religion." On the card announcing the services there is asked in connection with this subject the question: "How may we make Jesus a living reality to little children, and develop their religious instincts in a simple and natural way?" In view of the importance of a thorough consideration on the part of all of a subject so vital, the evening for the regular meeting of the Sunday-school Teachers' Parliament was set apart to be devoted to this subject and to the general interests of the home and the child along religious lines. We have, in this, another instance among many latterly, of the emphasis that is being placed on religious work among the young.

The thirty-second anniversary exercises of Pacific Theological Seminary will be held on Tuesday, April the 9th. On Monday evening at six o'clock the annual dinner for alumni and invited guests will be given in the South hall. Tuesday, at 10 a. m., the annual meeting of the alumni will be held. The graduation exercises will be at 2 p. m. on Tuesday, the address to be given by President J. E. Stubbs, D.D., of the University of Nevada. Subject, "Christianity a Battle, Not a Dream." Then will come the conferring of diplomas by President McLean. The graduating class is constituted as follows: Gilbert Nicholas Brink, Teizaburo Demura, William Edgar Eckles, Richard Kimball Ham, Alfred Waldron Hare, Edmund Owens. At four in the afternoon there will be a farewell conference and communion in the chapel, followed by tea for all out-of-town guests. And in the evening there will be a "Farewell to Seminary Hill," with addresses by Drs. Moorar and Pond, Rev. H. E. Jewett and others. A cordial invitation is extended to the friends of the Seminary to attend the afternoon and evening exercises, which promise to be of unusual interest this year. Our Seminary is a bond between the churches and an institution for our upbuilding which should have all possible attention.

When the Rev. W. W. Scudder, who has for sixteen years led our influential church at Alameda in living ways, enters upon his work as Superintendent of Home Missions in Washington, he will face an open door of wonderful opportunity. There is a great future for the

State of Washington. Her natural resources and her situation as to the countries across the Pacific will make her, in a few decades, one of the first among the States of the Union. Before ten years roll around the bustling city of Seattle on Puget Sound will have a population very close to two hundred thousand. Tacoma will not be far behind in the race, and Spokane, in the East, will be the thriving center of an agricultural and mining region second to none on the continent. All in all Washington has resources which in their development will demand a large population. There is accordingly a great responsibility resting upon our churches already planted there. They must be energetic and filled with the Spirit. Every home missionary church should plan to come to self-support at the earliest possible date, so that the missionary contributions may go to places more needy. In the work of bringing these churches to positions where they can care for themselves and in the founding of others, all of which shall be life-givers to that commonwealth, the Superintendent-elect has one of the grand opportunities of life. California believes that he will meet it in a commendable manner and that results will show wisdom on the part of our Washington brethren in their choice.

The Rev. Dr. W. S. Ament writes as follows from Peking to the Rev. Walter Frear, Pacific Coast Secretary of the American Board: "Some anonymous person in San Francisco (there is no other postmark) has sent me a clipping from some newspaper in which my name is much maligned in an article with the caption, 'Holy Loot.' The whole article is a composition of base slanders and deserves the severest condemnation. I have had nothing to do with German troops except oppose them in some of their claims in cities where they were collecting money and I happened to be present on missionary work. The two cities where I did oppose them, at no little personal inconvenience, are Cho Chou and Shun Yi. As to collecting indemnity, I have followed the course laid out by Minister Conger and approved by Li Hung Chang, and in all cases have had the assistance of the local magistrates. Two hundred and forty of my people were killed by the boxers and the indemnity paid in has been only a slight compensation for the losses incurred. If I have been wrong in following the directions of my superiors, then all the missions share with me. Mr. Egan, correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, was a guest under my roof for some weeks and can give any information as to what I am trying to do in Peking. If you have any opportunity to contradict such reports as mentioned in the article, I trust you will not hesitate to give the heartiest denial. I should welcome any investigation."

The San Francisco Examiner has succeeded in stirring up the California pioneers again by a statement reported to have been made in the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity by the Rev. Alfred Bayley of Oakland. This minister is reported as having said that the first women who came to California were bad women. Mr. Bayley did not say this, but that *some* of the first women who came were bad. This is as he was reported in the Chronicle. But the Examiner has created a sensation and is pleased, for it is in the sensational that the paper delights. We are surprised at the pioneers. They have been in California long enough to learn that daily newspaper reports are frequently very unreliable. Then, too, they are old enough to know that no sane and sensible man would make any such statement as the one reported. The pioneers know that there were good women in large numbers, in proportion to the population, in California in

early days, and they know that every one else of any importance knows it. The Pioneer Society has acted hastily. There was nothing in the paper read by the Rev. W. C. Day to which the pioneers could take exception, unless by misconstruction; or the picking out of a few sentences here and there, thus making possible their interpretation differently from what they must be interpreted in their context. Mr. Day made the mistake of putting his paper into the hands of the reporters for a few minutes at the close of the meeting. Beware of doing that even with reporters of the best intent. They can pick only a few sentences, and there is sure to be unintentional misrepresentation, if not intentional. This recent experience with the newspaper suggests to the present writer the thought that it will be found wise not to allow even the Secretary of the Ministers' Meeting to furnish information to the reporters. It needs an experienced hand to deal with some of them. They are determined to have the sensational, if at all possible; and they grasp at straws and turn them into giant fir trees. We are tired of these periodical disturbances. The people who believe the newspaper stories will begin soon to think that the Congregational ministers are a herd of asses; and the action of the pioneers leads to the conclusion that these newspaper reports receive more credence than we have thought them to receive.

Chronicle and Comment.

J. Pierpont Morgan, who will occupy the Crocker mansion in this city during the Episcopal convention, has not missed one of these conventions for many years. He always plans to be in attendance throughout the session.

The Baptist Young People's Union will in all probability follow the lead of the Christian Endeavor Society and arrange for biennial conventions. This will be done because it is becoming more and more difficult to get a good attendance at the annual gathering.

An Oregonian quotes the words of Dr. Josiah Strong in an article on the future supremacy of the Pacific ocean countries—"San Francisco is now 3,000 miles from New York; the time will come when New York will be 3,000 miles from San Francisco"—and says: "It will be the same distance from Portland and the Puget Sound cities." Yes, the Pacific Coast will move unitedly to its grand future. Its advancement will be pretty uniform along the whole line from Mexico to British Columbia.

The last century presented no less than 317 "cures for drunkenness." About as effective as any, with one or two exceptions, was the ducking stool, which is still employed in some parts of Holland for tipling women. Hypnotism and the modern "retreat" are said to be the only two that have had much indorsement from medical men. One doctor had good results in many cases by prescribing a new set of teeth. This was where the drinking habit was contracted by persons with indigestion, with the hope that relief from that ailment would result.

The Lieutenant Governor of Idaho is of opinion that that State should be named the "Water Power State." He catalogues the more noted water power rivers in the United States and declares that Idaho has rivers that will fully equal them all. It is estimated that Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls on the Snake river can furnish power enough to run all the machinery west of the Rocky Mountains. The Oregon Short Line Railway from Pocatello to Huntington, it is said, could be run by electric power supplied from the Snake. Not only Idaho, but the

whole Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast region is destined to have remarkable development during the first half of this century through its water power.

The Rev. E. J. Singer, Superintendent of the work of the Sunday-school and Publishing Society in Central and Northern California, says that the return postal card system, used by him for some months, reveals a large number of districts without Sunday-schools and without the gospel in any form. During the year ending March 1st the contributions for the work were larger than they were the previous year. Eighteen new schools were organized and eight reorganized. Fresno county alone is a field with enough work to keep one organizer busy for several months.

It is such enterprise as that shown by President Hill of the Great Northern Railroad, in shipping oranges to the East by way of Seattle, that is pushing the Pacific Northwest rapidly to the front. Jim Hill built his railroad to carry freight, and he intends to carry it. If there is none lying around ready for transportation he reaches out after it in just such masterly manner as when he reached from Seattle to Los Angeles. There are good reasons for the belief that in less than a score of years California freight will reach the Great Northern, not by water, but by a land route, connecting San Francisco with that road over which our oranges made their way to Chicago after their journey of 1,500 miles by water.

The news of the granting of a divorce at Algona, Ia., to Mrs. Herron, the wife of Dr. George D. Herron, formerly professor in Iowa College, at Grinnell, comes as a surprise to Pacific Coast people. But it seems that estrangement between Dr. and Mrs. Herron has been known in some circles in the East for some time. No sooner had the divorce been announced than a marriage was hinted at between Dr. Herron and Miss Carrie E. Rand, the daughter of Mrs. E. D. Rand, who endowed the college chair occupied by Professor Herron at Grinnell. Dispatches from Grinnell state that the relations between Dr. Herron and the Rand family had created some comment in the past, but that at no time had anything even been whispered to their discredit. We are glad to give this statement as to nothing discreditable in their relations, inasmuch as there are those who, knowing of their trips abroad and elsewhere, were inclined to look upon them suspiciously.

About a year ago Professor George Frederick Wright of Oberlin sailed from San Francisco on a scientific tour around the world. One purpose of his trip was to discover, if possible, whether Siberia had ever had a glacial period such as North America and parts of Europe had. His investigations have led him to the conclusion that at the time when America was covered with ice Siberia was covered with water. On his arrival in New York last week Professor Wright gave some interesting information concerning the Red Sea and the crossing of it by the ancient Israelites. In regard to this he said: "It has hitherto been supposed that the children of Israel crossed the Red Sea at Suez, but it has been found difficult to reconcile this supposition with the fact that a million persons crossed the sea in a single night which would necessitate a very wide division of the waters. My explorations north of Suez have convinced me that the point of crossing was twenty miles north of Suez, because at that point the conditions are all fulfilled. The waters at that time were about four feet in depth there and the mountains are in the west just as related and an east wind would have swept bare a place at least five miles wide."

The Bible—What It Is.

[A paper read at the San Francisco Association meeting, March 11th, by Rev. Eugene H. Avery, D.D., pastor Westminster Presbyterian church.]

The collection of books known to us as the Bible occupies a position wholly unique in the literature of the world. This is a fact which needs no proof. It hardly calls for illustration. For the extent to which the Book is known among men, for the quality of minds that hold its teachings in high esteem, even in reverence, for influence in molding character and affecting the destiny of nations, there is no other that can be named in rivalry. For power to withstand assaults of criticism, to meet with calm front all advances and claims of science, to maintain a hold with controlling efficacy upon keenest intellects and loftiest souls—no classic tomes nor boasted Oriental philosophies can compare with the plain Scriptures of our Jehovah and Jesus' Revelation.

As time limits will hold us now to the utmost conciseness of statement, let us note very briefly six facts:

1. The great volume furnishes the world a mass of highly valuable historic information otherwise unattainable. The opening pages of the Book contain—its very first verse contains—statements of facts which lie at the foundation of all history and all science.

Other books of religion have indeed ventured upon some assertions respecting the origin of things and the making of the world. There is an endless variety of cosmogonies. But it is notorious that all those descriptions are mythical or fanciful to a degree that renders them ridiculous. None of them can endure for a moment the searchlight of intelligent examination. The birth of the world from chaos and old night can have no meaning to modern thought. A world resting on the back of a tortoise, which stands on the coiled body of a serpent, simply falls into the abyss when science looks at it. In splendid contrast the declaration, sublime in its simplicity, of the work of a Creator's hand commands the respect of geologist and astronomer alike to the end. Instead of being shamed out of the debate by man's increasing knowledge, this Scriptural cosmogony is more and more admirable as advancing science discloses more and more of the wonderfulness of the creation so succinctly described.

Likewise concerning the beginnings of human life, the origin of nations and their dispersion, especially the origin and life of that people through which the noblest truths and institutions of religion have been conveyed to mankind, there is nothing to be laid alongside our Pentateuch, there is no reckoning of the value to the world of this Bible history. And modern research is not casting these records into the rubbish heap. So far from that, the toils of antiquarian, excavator, philologist and ethnologist are but removing obscurities and setting in clearer light the substantial veracity of these whom we call our sacred writers.

2. This volume is distinguished by a wonderful harmony of teaching through all its books concerning the Deity.

As so often stated and so familiarly known, the composition of the sixty-six pamphlets or portions which make up our Bible engaged more than forty hands, and their labors of authorship extended over a period of not less than fifteen centuries. And these numerous contributors wrote many times in ignorance of what others had said or were going to write. Nevertheless there stands the remarkable and significant fact that, from first to last, we are presented with a consistent and harmonious doctrine of God. We are not perplexed by fantastic notions of Apis or Vishnu, to be supplanted on a later page

by Zeus or Odin. In being, character, knowledge, power and will, the Lord our God is one Lord from Abraham and Moses to the final Amen with which John shuts the Book.

We have grown up in such familiarity with this fact that it may fail to arrest our attention. It is, however, a fact of extraordinary significance. Had each one of our authors been a Plato for bold speculation, and a Cicero for expression, it is incredible that, writing independently, they should have reached this wonderful agreement on the very loftiest of all themes.

3. These writings bring a code of laws admirable, unapproachable, marvelously adapted to all lands and all generations. I mean the entire setting forth of the will of God for the control and the welfare of the human family. The code runs, in fact, through the whole history. The course of Divine Providence, in dealing with men, makes known the divine will. "The moral law is summarily comprehended in the Ten Commandments." An English lawyer who had been persuaded by a friend to read the Bible for himself was found walking up and down his room in deep meditation. On inquiry he said: "I have been reading the moral law in the Book of Exodus." Well, what do you think of it?" "Why, I have been trying whether I can add anything to it, but I can't; and I have considered whether there is anything that can be taken from it, so as to make it better, and I cannot. It is perfect."

Though carried to lands of which Moses never heard or dreamed, and translated into hundreds of tongues, the same law of Sinai approves itself everywhere the completest, the most effective, the most useful summary of principles of human conduct ever framed in human speech.

4. There appears from time to time, along the pages of our Scriptures, evidence of some extraordinary knowledge of events still deep in the future. No doubt the study of prophecy has been abused.

Discredit has been thrown upon that whole line of inquiry by the rash assumptions of speculators, and by the weird and fantastic interpretation and application of prophetic language. But we cannot allow the argument from prophecy to be thrown out of court on account of the ignorance and foolishness of some of its advocates. It remains a fact that Abraham was granted some knowledge of the coming greatness of his family, that Moses was given to see something of the power of the kingdom which Israel would establish in the land of Canaan, that Jeremiah foretold the Babylonian affliction, that Isaiah caught visions of the Messiah's sufferings and the later glory of his kingdom. Time will admit of no detail. In the broadest terms only it is maintained that by mouth and pen of prophet words were uttered and recorded touching coming events which no unaided natural powers of men could have written. These are prophecies of Scripture, predictions which the progress of the centuries and the ripening of events did amply justify. Let the simple fact, the indisputable fact, stand.

5. The writers of these venerable pages do distinctly lay claim to divine guidance. This fact is too well known to require proof or illustration. Such expressions as, "The Lord spake unto Moses, saying, The Word of the Lord came unto Isaiah, thus saith the Lord," etc., are found by the score, by the hundred. I am not now attempting to expound this language. Not at all. The point at present is simply this, that it exists. Here is the claim set up by the writers themselves, over and over again, that they were conveying to men messages and communications from the Supreme Creator and Lord. This broad claim is concisely and forcibly asserted in

the word of the Apostle Peter (II, 1:21)—“Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.”

Henry Van Dyke has put this matter in good phrase. He says: “In whatever shape the Bible comes to men it elaims to be something better than a book. It presents itself as a living word of the Almighty God, revealing himself to his creatures.” Verily I do not see how it is possible for us consistently to take any lower view of the wonderful book, or collection of books, than that of the language just quoted.

6. We must take note of the treatment of the sacred writings by the Lord Jesus Christ. So far as the records of his utterances enable us to judge, he spent no time in arguing about the Scriptures. He did not defend them. He did not even assert their divine authorship or authority, however much it may appear to us that such a declaration would have been of value inestimable. None of these. His attitude toward the venerable books of his people was that of simple acceptance and use as embodying wisdom and right concerning which there could be no dispute. Jesus took texts from the Hebrew pages. He expounded the things which Moses and the prophets had written. He directed the minds of inquirers to the ancient law. He declared that all things written concerning the Messiah must be fulfilled; yea, that all those things were actually fulfilled in himself.

In short, the whole weight of the character, the wisdom and authority of Christ is committed to the truthfulness, to the divine and practical worth, of that entire body of literature which is now known to us as the Old Testament. We may well rest content, leaving those who are disposed to reject the Holy Scriptures, or disparage them, to struggle as they can with the problem of maintaining the truth and authority of the Christ while they thrust the rude hands of their destructive criticism into the vitals of the sacred books which that Master held in so high honor.

Here, then, are six facts: The books of our Bible contain history of great antiquity and extraordinary value; they are distinguished by a remarkable unity of teaching respecting the being and character of God; they set forth a matchless law; they contain numerous prophecies shown by large fulfillments to be well founded and true; the writers make bold claim to divine instruction in their utterances; the Lord Jesus Christ held these writings in highest honor and taught his followers to rely upon them as the very word of the Lord. Here are six facts that can not be disputed, that cannot be lightly brushed aside by any indifference or any learning of men.

No such extraordinary combination can be truthfully asserted with reference to any other body of literature known among men. As was remarked at the outset, that the Bible holds a unique position in the world, equally now we say unique, alone, is this collection of writings in the possession of these six great characteristics.

And now my proposition is this: No theory has ever been advanced among men, no theory is conceivable, to make satisfactory explanation of all these facts except that of a substantial divine instruction of the writers of these wonderful books. We could imagine an explanation of one fact by one theory, of another by some other notion, and so on; but to bring these six facts into harmony, to show how the great Book attained its unique position in all these special relations, surely surpasses the power and genius of the human intellect. It is quite impossible to construct any theory which, excluding divine inspiration, will in a satisfactory manner account for the contents, the harmony, and the power of this venerable body of sacred writings.

Taylor Lewis said: “Here it is, the mightiest element

in human thought, challenging to the conflict the mightiest of human antagonisms.”

I venture upon no discussion of debated theories of inspiration. That is not my business at this time. But in plainest words, and with all my heart, I must insist that there is no resting-place for us in this momentous question save in the doctrine that the Bible is the Word of God. It is, it is, a revelation to mankind from the ever-living Creator and Lord of heaven and earth.

These “Scriptures principally teach what man is to believe concerning God, and what duty God requires of man.” And the central beauty of this revelation, its chief glory, lies in its disclosure of divine love to sinful man, and the proffer of pardon and life through the death and resurrection of the incarnate Son of God.

Now, it is no destruction of this doctrine to raise some fine and perplexing question regarding the manner or degree of divine control over the sacred writers. There may be such questions too profound for human solution. What then? In science, accepted science, there remain countless mysteries still unsolved. Many a question of the how, the how much, and the wherefore, no professor pretends to answer. Difficulties and objections confront every scientific theory; yes, in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, and in the waters under the earth. Nevertheless, facts are established, great scientific doctrines are held with unwavering confidence. Likewise the facts so marvelously combined in the contents, the history, and the power of our Bible are enough to silence a host of ingenious, hair-splitting, quibbling difficulties and objections which skepticism is so ready to raise.

That eminent critic, Dr. R. S. Driver, says: “The whole is subordinated to the controlling agency of the Spirit of God. Criticism in the hands of Christian scholars does not banish or destroy the inspiration of the Old Testament; it presupposes it; it seeks only to determine the conditions under which it operates, and the literary form through which it manifests itself.”

Well said. Whatever the literary form, the whole is subordinated to the controlling agency of the Spirit of God.

For all who love the Lord and seek the good of men there is great wisdom and precious truth in the answer of Faithful when on trial for his life in Vanity Fair. Replying to Mr. Superstition, the brave disciple said: “In the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God.”

Agreeing well with this sentiment of Bunyan, we place a single sentence from Calvin: “God, the Maker of the world, is manifested to us in Scripture, and his true character expounded, so as to save us from wandering up and down, as in a labyrinth, in search of some doubtful deity.” (Inst., I, 85.) With John Bunyan and with Calvin in these declarations we do entirely sympathize.

It will require surely some far more serious objection than we have hitherto encountered to drive us from our faith in the Bible as a divine revelation of the will of God. And something must be offered vastly better grounded and more promising of good than has yet been produced before we can consent to abandon our Holy Scriptures with a view to accepting any rival religious teachings in their place.

I make no mention of the wonderful practical value of these sacred writings in the world through thirty centuries.

This simply do I maintain. If a “threefold cord is not quickly broken,” the six-fold cord thus hastily and imperfectly outlined, the six-fold cord of argument for the divine authorship and authority of our dear old Bible,

will stand all the strain that the investigations and the needs of generations of men can put upon it. "The Bible, what is it?" We only say that we hold and believe with tremorless faith (to use a favorite word of Joseph Cook), that it is a divine revelation of the life and will of God, that it is the light of the world. And such studies as invite our attention this evening are most timely. It is a token of good that you, brethren of the common faith, of the like precious faith, have been prompted to the consideration of so vital a theme.

In a review article of the present month Dr. Joseph Parker of London writes: "The most crying want of this moment is that the Bible should be put in its right position as the revealed will of the God of providence and redemption."

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

A Life Lesson.

Rev. Dr. Stimson's article in the "Congregationalist," concerning the costly loss to the world by the death of Rev. N. H. Whittlesey, wakens memories of a happy day he spent under the oaks and sycamores of Bella Vista, Saratoga. Even that was scarce a vacation day, for Saratoga's hope to attract ministers and missionaries to spend life's evening time here awoke the deep response of his heart and he wished some special offering might secure a Missionary Home here. His delight in sunshine, grass and flowers was intense. How he did enjoy the lunch by a little waterfall! When Miss Farwell offered him a second cup of the coffee which she makes so famously, he said he was like the old colored preacher in the South, who remarked, "There's just one thing I nebber can resist, and dat is temptation." But the tireless, cheery soul has gone to the eternal rest which certainly will not be overwork, under the direct and immediate supervision of that Divine Man who said to his devoted comrades, "Come ye aside into a desert place and rest awhile." There are always men to fill the depleting ranks of God's faithful soldiers, but this leader's place will look long for such intense devotion as his. So much ministerial misery and poverty met his sympathetic eye that he never took a vacation from his incessant search for relief. Seven years of strenuous toil brought him to nervous prostration, and when a year of quiet seemed to have restored him, he died suddenly on his way home from the South, at Washington.

I wish I might help younger brethren into a determination not to overwork. One told me not long since he had had no vacation for three years. His deacons ought to order him off for the good of the church. Not necessarily to Pacific Grove or Saratoga. Certainly not to the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco. A dish of oysters there once a year and what Mr. Beecher called a "profitable loitering" of a few hours, give a country man something new to think of.

An exchange between mountain and sea-coast brethren is not difficult to arrange. A tent in a grove, a few miles from town, and an invitation to the parish to call on the pastor instead of his calling on them, is one easy and fruitful way of change and recreation. I know, for I have tried it. Our lovely State in summer time calls one easily into the open air and there is always some good deacon's horse which needs a change of air and grass which can be had for the asking. "Ask and ye shall receive." Believe me, dear brother, if you are a consecrated man, your evening walk with the children, your bath, your fruit-eating, your abstinence from stimulants, your conscientious vacation, are just as dear and interesting to your divine Master as your prayer vigils, your fasting,

your midnight oil, your pulpit rapture or your prayer-meeting devotion. Your bright and loyal son is just as dear to you in his swimming frolic, his mountain climb and his early-to-bed weariness as he is when holding the ploughshare, wrestling with school problems or hammering at the forge. Believe me, Heaven is as solicitous for you as you are for the child of your affection, and dare, when you curl down for your siesta or climb into your hammock, to have a John-like kiss of trust and tenderness for your Divine Mate, who toiled in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth and comprehends your bodily weariness as well as your soul's quenchless ardor.

How I wish I could make you feel this. "Believe, brethren, and obey" the call to rest, as piously as you do the call to pray.

The Parish Were Mistaken.

I have just read Rev. Sherlock Bristol's tribute to the beautiful character of Rev. W. W. Snell, who has gone in ripe old age from Ventura's orange blossoms to Canaan's evergreen shore. It seems but a few days since he used to come to my first parish in Northfield and rest me, and my patient flock as well, with a good sermon. He never had a complete classical and seminary education, but he had a godly ancestry and grew up amid New England's best environments. He was cousin of William Cullen Bryant and a brother of Prof. Snell of Amherst College, their father being Doctor Snell of Bakersfield. He was a born mechanic, and his neighbors found he could build sermons as well as houses and barns, so they set him preaching. He built a good edifice and a loving and loyal church. Now he is gone, I can tell one of his pastoral experiences which emphasizes the fact that a faithful minister usually has some good reason even for actions which a parish do not understand. There grew up from one person's telling part of the facts an ugly story that the orthodox minister Snell had made a sale of lumber on Sunday and pocketed his pay. Finally, either an appointed or a self-appointed committee went to call on the pastor and asked if the strange rumor which was going about the little prairie town was true. "Yes, brethren, I am constrained to say it is, and these are the facts: My fondness for tools induces me to keep a little walnut lumber handy. The baby of some of my friends far out in the prairies died. As they were a long distance from an undertaker they begged me to accommodate them with material for a little coffin. As I did not care to make them repeat a journey to repay me I allowed them to pay me as they insisted, on Sunday. I thought the dead baby ought to have a coffin."

First Easter of the New Century.

We have almost ceased in three months to talk of the new century. Prayers, exhortations, sermons, editorials rarely allude to it now. They were full of it. I do not say we are back where we were. That can never be, if immortality is ours in Jesus Christ. "He that hath the Son hath life." But cares of store, ranch, society, home, cluster as they did. Our hearts tug at the old problems. Now a noble brother says he is sorry where he grieved us. Perhaps we have courage to confess our errors and our sins. "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper; but he that confesseth and forsaketh them shall find mercy." Easter preparation is not different from Christmas. That babe born at Bethlehem was different from other babes. Because a rocky tomb could not hold him we believe his promise that neither earth's clods, nor cremation even, nor the sea's depths, can hold our immortal part in darkness. That power which makes blossoms multiply like stars and increasingly wakes the notice of them in grateful and aspiring breasts, tells us we are going on into the everlasting Gardens of God. If

so, we must "quit meanness." Jealousy, self-will, pride, covetousness, must die as surely as lust, gluttony, anger. Rigging church altars, furnishing music, putting something on the church plate, won't make a glad Easter. Doing justly, loving mercy, practicing in all life's relations the Golden Rule, will fill a prairie chapel as full of joy as King Edward's palace or Westminster Abbey. Honest preparation for death is a cleaning up of life and God's peace in the soul makes the music of the spheres and the praise of the humble sanctuary glorious. Where one has given his heart it is a pleasure to give money, if heaven vouchsafes the privilege of stewardship. It takes some Easter grace to see others give without envy. Carnegie gave eleven millions in one week. We may all be moral Carnegies and walk in wholesome elation and gladness if, like free sons of God, we will just get out of caves of gloom and selfishness. Let me hint a practical turn which comes from my heart. Easter means that we are to see Brother Belt again, as well as that his Paso Robles flock gather into their new and beautiful building. It promises to be a great day to Pastor Reid's people. As I write the mails are carrying their dead pastor's last gift, all his known business obligations having been met. In addition to his loving care, living and dying, he and his kindred put more than two hundred dollars into the church of Christ which bears his name. Dear friends, who spoke kindly to that saintly pastor, do not be technical in your gifts. Send the hundred dollars needful to make Paso Robles church Easter memorable.

The Missionary Situation in North China.

From a letter by George D. Wilder of Tientsin, China, written on March the 9th to Rev. Walter Frear of this city, we quote as follows:

"Our refugees are almost all back in their native places getting ready for the spring planting. They are well received by their old neighbors and are getting their indemnity from them without much trouble. Of course, there are great temptations to them to presume on the fear inspired by the foreign troops and demand a large indemnity, or even to levy blackmail on their enemies, but I think they are doing well on the whole in resisting these temptations. They at first thought it would be all right, in view of what we have suffered, to collect compensation enough to build a plenty of commodious chapels and get land enough to support their native pastors. It would be an easy thing to do at present, as the people are quite willing to give up temple lands to make peace, but we missionaries have had to show the wrong of such a course, and I think the members understand pretty well now.

"Poor Mr. Ament has had a hard time with false reports. The dispatch that he was arrested for encouraging native Christians in stealing arose from his being detained as a witness in the case of a false accusation against a Christian. You may have heard how former Boxers have succeeded in getting into the employ of the military and actually leading foreign troops around to arrest Christians on the charges of robbery or boxerism. Some one or two have been shot in this way, and Mr. Ament barely saved the lives of two others. The L. M. S. chapel at Tung An was sacked by foreign troops only a few days ago on the charge of a notorious Boxer that it was a robbers' nest. A missionary happened to get there the same day and secured the arrest of the Boxer. I hope you may have some chance of correcting false impressions in some of these matters.

"The sale of confiscated goods found in the residence of two Boxer-leading princes, by Mr. Tewksbury and

Mr. Ament, took place after the premises had been looted two or three times by the soldiery, and was done on the private advice of Mr. Conger in order to care for the hundreds of homeless native refugees dependent on them for food and shelter. There was absolute proof that the two princes had supported two bands aggregating 1,000 Boxers, and that one at least of them had been directly instrumental in the destruction of the foreign plant and the slaughter of many Christians. It is not strange that the penniless refugees, both native and foreign, felt justified in occupying these houses and selling what the troops had left.

"We have just been having a series of eight days' meetings for the Chinese, conducted by one of the Methodist missionaries, Mr. Hobart. They were all union meetings for the four societies represented here. The largest church in Tientsin was filled every day and several times overflowing. The place seats about 300. I think the Sunday audience of the Peking station of our Board is about as large, and the Tung Cho station only a little smaller. The Pao Ting Fu native pastor has taken up all the forms of the church work and has several schools of various grades running as usual. The P'ang Chuang work is also being conducted by the native pastors in a most hopeful way. The church in China is not destroyed, by any means, and I hope that you all remember that there is enough left to pray for and that we need your prayers more than ever."

From Shantung Province, China.

Through Dr. A. P. Peck we have a copy of a letter from Yuan Shih Kai, Governor of Shantung Province, China, in reply to a letter of representatives of missionaries in Shantung. We quote as follow:

"Your letter with the enclosed lists of districts where your mission work is carried on was received yesterday and contents noted.

"With reference to the history of the recantation of Christians in the sixth moon, my subordinates in the various districts determined and managed the affair in the hope of protecting the Christians. It was not done upon my instructions. I, on numerous occasions, ordered the magistrates to protect mission interests, as you, Rev. Sirs, well know.

"As there is now no disorder because of friction between China and other countries, it is the more imperative that treaty engagements should be sought out and strictly observed.

"All pledges of Christians to recant whether given to officials or to sureties, all voluntary pledges or any promises of any kind to same effect are null and void and no further account is to be taken of them. I have furthermore instructed the magistrates to put out proclamations to the above effect for the public information, that no hindrance or annoyance may occur.

"You, Rev. Sirs, have been preaching in China many years, and, without exception, you exhort men to righteousness; your Church customs are strict and correct and all your converts may well obey them. You are careful in the establishment of these Church customs to see that Chinese law is observed—how then can it be said that there is disloyalty?

"To meet this sort of calumny I have instructed that proclamations be put out, and I propose to have lasting peace hereafter so that mission interests may prosper and I may promote your intention of preaching righteousness.

"The present overturning is of a most unusual character. It forced you, Rev. Sirs, by land and sea, to go long journeys and subjected you to alarm and danger, causing me many qualms of conscience.

"Everywhere is now quiet. The missionaries of France, Germany and other nations have returned and preach as formerly. If you, Rev. Sirs, wish to return to the interior, I would beg of you to first give me word that I may specially order the military everywhere to carefully protect and escort."

Quiet Corner Notes.

By Rev. W. N. Burr.

The recent death of Major D. W. Whittle recalls a season of high privilege under his leadership. In the winter of 1885-86 Major Whittle conducted a series of meetings in Lawrence, Kansas, where I was then at work as General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. With him were the singers, Mr. and Mrs. James McGranahan. I look back upon this as the most wisely conducted evangelistic effort I have ever witnessed.

Major Whittle's faith in the teaching that "the entrance of God's words giveth light" was so strong, that having given those words to his hearers he resorted to no other means to convince men. There was no effort to secure a rush of inquirers to the inquiry-room by forcing them; this servant of God seemed to have found a better way than that of compelling men to come in by force of human argument or highly wrought emotion. "Here, friends, is the teaching of God's Word," he would say; "and now I want any of you who desire personal conversation concerning these things to meet me in the inquiry-room at the close of this service."

In dealing with inquirers he did not "talk" to them merely. He worked with his open Bible, showing to each one not what he thought of his case, but what God had put on record for such an inquirer. "I would rather go into the inquiry-room without power to use my tongue than to go without my Bible," he said to Christians at one of the morning meetings. A wise, earnest, deeply convicted believer himself, he sought not so much for a great number of converts as to help men to a clear preception of truth as revealed in God's Word.

Going into my office one day at the Y. M. C. A. rooms while these meetings were in progress, I found my small pocket Bible open on the desk at the fly-leaf. Major Whittle had been in during my absence and had written his name in my Bible, and beside the name "Phil. 4: 19." I turned to this passage and read: "But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." It was just at a time when our Y. M. C. A. was in special straits, and I knew Major Whittle was greatly interested in the matter, and was praying much for an open way through the darkness. His prayer was heard. The need was supplied, and the faith of more than one was greatly strengthened.

It was soon after the close of these meetings that I had a letter from Major Whittle in which he wrote a sentence that reveals the secret of his own successful work, and that has stayed by me through the years, as a faithful helper, tenderly rebuking, and quietly preaching its strong little sermon. These are the words: "Not many men are humble enough for God to make *much* use of them."

Corona, California.

In India thirty thousand students receive the degree of B.A. each year, and there are in that country about three million college graduates occupying various positions of responsibility. This is doing pretty well for a country so "benighted" as we usually think of India as being.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

Through Others' Eyes.

W. W. Lovejoy.

How changed the world to Solomon
When Sheba's queen late homeward went,
And what new skies, low-arching, bent
Above this woman-paragon
In brooding sweet content!

* * * * *
The King sat clothed in royal state:
God's house complete, hard by, his own;
Both finished to the top-most stone;
No war nor famine dread abate
The glory of his throne.
As passed the years why less his own—
Possessions, wisdom, glory, fame,
And honor that made great his name?
This riddle dark who could make known—
"So changed and yet the same"?—
His greatness held the world in thrall:
Was he, too, slave, bound by a chain,
Forged link to link by each new gain?
And wider empire, prison-wall
Fast shutting on his pain?
Thus questioned he, with figure bent,
With wisdom's weight as burden grown;
As one whose happy days were flown,
Life's wonted pleasures all forespent,
And he so quite alone!
This lesson must he learn I trow:
Through others' eyes our own eyes see
The worth of what we hold in fee.
The due is paid when neighbors know
How sweet is charity!
Such sight is like a springtide near,
When stirring pulses buoyant press,
And swelling buds of hope express
The promise of the harvest-cheer
To labor's gathering stress.
Then, then, from ancient crumbling wall
The modest hyssop blooms anew,
The royal cedar statelier grew,
And Lebanon's snows are roseate all
And kindlier Hermon's dew!

* * * * *
But what of her who not in vain
Exchanged rich gifts for Solomon's lore?
"To her was left no spirit more"—
But also, ever, out of pain,
Life's gladness on before!
With visions on the homeward way,
Sweet calling voices in the air—
"O heart, Life's fullness come and share
From near or far nought can dismay,
For love is everywhere."
The face of earth and sky how warm,
As if with passion pent a-flush!
And, wearing love's first conscious blush,
One looked to see some gracious form
Break through the trembling hush.
And when the night wind fanned her cheek,
The lights and motions of the day
Accordant moved in rhythmic play,
The listening ear in vain might seek
A sweeter roundelay!
Now Sheba's levels, waste and wide,
Supernal spring envisaged show;
Late withered uplands vernal glow
To radiant eyes of queenly pride:
True hearts this secret know!

* * * * *
Thus these two souls together came
By sharing what, if held apart,
Had left them strangers heart to heart.
Effecting this the great King's fame
Had done its destined part.
* * * * *
The Christ has taught this lesson, too:
He saw all good through others' eyes.
His godlike state was not a prize
To be retained as private due
Shut up within the skies.

It is unappreciation which makes the large part of the heaviness of life.—J. F. W. Ware,

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

Alive Forevermore. (Ino. xx: 11-18.)

Lesson II. April 14, 1901.

The forty days which intervened between our Lord's resurrection and ascension constitute a distinct and unique period in his manifestation to the world. Two points it would seem to have been God's purpose thereby to secure. First, such a demonstration of the fact as should put the true resurrection of Jesus beyond all reasonable doubt; and, second, such a demonstration as would prepare the disciples for those purely spiritual relations which must henceforth characterize their intercourse with the Lord Jesus.

Before considering specific events it may therefore be wise to take a general survey of the period, and note its contributions to the story of redemption.

Personal Manifestations of Jesus.

Others preceded Mary Magdalene in close inspection of the empty sepulchre, and in announcements of the resurrection (John xx: 1-10; c. f. Matt. xxviii: 5-7; Luke xxiv: 1-9); but it was to her "from whom he had cast out seven devils" that that glorified form first appeared (Mark xvi: 9; John xx: 11-18). A little later, we are told, he met the other faithful women on their way with the angel's message (Matt. xxviii: 8-10). Then, to Simon Peter, whose broken heart sorely needed such healing (Luke xxiv: 34). Again, when "the day was far spent," he made himself known to Cleopas and his companion, on their way to Emmaus (Luke xxiv: 13-35; Mark xvi: 12). And later still, his "Peace be unto you" interrupted the report which these two were giving to the apostles gathered in secret session—in the same upper room, it may be, which had been the scene of their last sacred interview with their Lord (Mark xvi: 14; Luke xxiv: 33, 36-43; John xx: 19-23).

What occurred during the following week we do not know. But on the succeeding Sunday, the apostles being all together—Thomas with them—Jesus again appears among them (John xx: 26-29).

The scene changes to Galilee, whither the apostolic band have resorted, according to the Word of Jesus (Matt. xxiv: 10). Of the events transpiring there, only one incident has been preserved for us—that upon the shore of the sea of Tiberias (John xxi: 1-23). Other appearances, briefly referred to, are one on a mountain in Galilee (Matt. xxiv: 16-20), at which, perhaps, the five hundred brethren were present (I Cor. xv: 6); another to James; and another to the whole company (I Cor. xv: 7). There were doubtless others not recorded. That to the Apostle Paul (I Cor. xv: 8; Acts ix: 3-8) belongs to a later stage.

So was bridged over the chasm between the old life and the new; between the familiar intercourse of the earthly ministry and the higher fellowship of the Christian era.

What Was Demonstrated?

1. The reality of Christ's risen life, and its substantial identity with that which had gone before. Those repeated manifestations were the conclusive proof of the resurrection as a literal, objective fact; a demonstration, too, that he who rose from the grave was identically the same as he whom loving hands had laid away in Joseph's tomb. They reaffirmed, also, and rendered more absolutely indisputable what the resurrection declared as to his Messianic claims (I Rom. i: 4). They were thus directly preparatory for the further developments of Pentecost and the subsequent ministry of the Spirit.

So much it effected for them. But the record, also, makes us companions of those early disciples, and shares in these proofs of our risen Lord's complete personality. All unconsciously these pioneers of the Christian faith have photographed themselves; have revealed their spiritual unreadiness for the new revelations; and have indicated the steps which were necessary to convince them of all that was involved in the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. They questioned for us, as well as for themselves; and our doubts are answered in the gentle rebuke, "Why are ye troubled? See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me having." All these tests to which our Lord subjected himself during those forty days are of inestimable value to the Christian faith in every age, and to none more than to this when the historic credibility of the resurrection of Jesus, together with its corollary of the general resurrection of the dead, is so often impugned. They make assurance doubly sure, if one pleases to think so; but they do assure the fact that the resurrection of Jesus means something more than his rising up "to an exclusively spiritual mode of existence, unhampered by the restrictions of the body." It was raised a spiritual body; truly, but none the less, it was a body which burst the bonds of death, when he came forth "the first fruits of them that sleep," and in which he is alive forevermore.

2. But this is only part of the truth; for important contrasts, as well as similarities, marked the manifestations of Jesus during those forty days. His relation to all earthly conditions and persons was radically changed from the past. Up to that time his life had been practically the common life of humanity, requiring for its maintenance precisely the same conditions as that of his disciples. His journeys from place to place in no wise differed from their own. A locked door barred him out or shut him in, just as it did Peter or Thomas. His miraculous energy was exceptional, exercised only upon occasions. His presence was manifested by the usual signs. Invisibility, if ever assumed, was the unusual condition.

After the resurrection the order was reversed. The ordinary and the extraordinary had changed places. He appeared and disappeared at will; suddenly, unexpectedly, and under such guise as now revealed and now concealed him. He traveled from Judea to Galilee, from mountain to sea, not only instantaneously, but wholly independent of ordinary means of locomotion—marked contrasts with the previous stage of life. Equally so were his personal relations. The old familiar daily companionship ended on the cross. That which succeeded the resurrection was fragmentary; as to Mary at the sepulchre, to the women on the road, to the disciples on the way to Emmaus, or as gathered in the upper room. No one was unaffected by the changes. No one could associate with him upon the same old terms. No one has since been able to do so. A higher, more distinctively spiritual, companionship, has, indeed, come into its place, but the old characteristically earthly intercourse was gone forever.

3. His own life, under these new conditions, would seem to have been a developed life; progressive, in a sense analogous to that which it displaced. Certain it is that he did, during those days, become, to his disciples, more and more a spiritual presence. He was teaching them thereby to adjust their lives to the new conditions. And so, when the final parting came, upon the slope of Olivet, it was without that distressing loneliness which had overwhelmed them at Joseph's tomb. "With great joy they returned and were continually in the temple, blessing God" (Luke xxiv: 53).

4. "The powers of the world to come" thenceforward pressed upon them with new energy; and connected therewith was a sweeter sense of the Master's ability to meet them everywhere and to provide for every need.

5. Equally demonstrated, too, was the undying love of that great heart on which they had relied so utterly. Death had not changed him in this respect, nor diminished in the smallest degree his tender, individualizing interest in them. Into his glorified state he carried the marks of his passion—with all which that implied—and wore them conspicuously as badges of royalty (John xx: 26, 27).

6. Withal, these unique manifestations proved immensely helpful, for grasping the symbolism of that atoning life. It strengthened the foundations of those representations of crucifixion with Christ, and resurrection with him; of dying unto sin and living unto righteousness, which the apostles afterwards used with such persuasive force in their sermons and letters. The resurrection and the ascension were thus vitally connected, and the entire forty days form links in the development of the risen life of Christ.

So was fulfilled the message sent to the apostles by Mary Magdalene—"I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." It was one uninterrupted progress from the sepulchre to the concealing cloud. And it all looked forward to that mediatorial life which has since then been operative in the world.

"First to Mary Magdalene."

She had, as we recall, started with other women very early in the morning to complete the usual embalming service. But on coming within sight of the opened tomb she had left her companions and hastened back to Peter and John with what seemed to her the distressful news. Following them, but less rapidly, she had returned to the sepulchre. They meanwhile had come and gone. So, standing alone near its entrance, she was weeping in hopeless grief. As she stoops again, however, peering within, a marvelous sight meets her gaze—two angels, clad in purest white, sitting as a guard of honor, where the head and the feet of Jesus had lain. "Woman, why weepest thou?" they say. And she, too full of the one absorbing thought to realize the strangeness of the situation, replies, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." Some sound, or motion, attracts her attention. She turns. She becomes conscious of some one by her side; but her eyes are too full of tears, her heart of grief, to observe carefully. It is the gardener, she thinks; and again the questions fall upon her ear, "Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" "O sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where, that I may care for him." "Mary!" It is the Shepherd calling his own sheep by name. It floods her soul with light. It is he! "Rabboni!" she cries, and flings herself prostrate before him. She clasps his feet. She clings to him as if fearing that the joyous experience should prove but the baseless fabric of a vision and vanish like a dream. "Touch me not." No less loving are the well-remembered tones than ever, but they suggest a change akin to that conveyed by his words to his mother at the marriage feast of Cana. She could not have put the impression into words, but somehow the sentence implied an exaltation of her beloved Lord. Their relation could not hereafter be quite what they had previously been. It cut like a knife stab into her heart. But quickly the Lord qualifies the impression and mitigates the inevitable pang by adding another reason why she need not detain him with so convulsive grasp. I shall not vanish from your sight as yet. There will be other meetings, "for I am not yet ascended unto the Father."

Then, with tender consideration, he relieves the tension of feeling by giving her at once something to do for him. "Go unto my brethren and say unto them, I ascend to my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." Quickly she arises, joyously she hastens, carrying the comfort of her own sad heart, to become the cheer of her associates.

So ends the first manifestation of the risen Lord. How like to all we have learned to know of him the action was! How thoroughly consistent with the redeeming purpose of his life was this lifting of the crushing woe from that gentle heart, this reassurance of deathless companionship, this lighting up of the whole dread mystery of death, this foundation for the sublime confidence, that "if Jesus died and rose again, even so them also that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him!"

But Mary "went and told them that had been with him as they mourned and wept. And they, when they heard that he was alive and had been seen of her, disbelieved," just as they had the testimony of the other women. Strange reluctance to accept this witness to the blessed truth! Strange forgetfulness of all those repeated announcements of the Master, that so it should be! Yes, strange and unjustifiable it was, but less so by far than the unbelieving sorrow which now so often rejects as incredible "the comfort clasped in truth revealed," and persistently holds the eyes looking among the dead for that ransomed soul which the risen Lord has called to the larger life and higher companionship of the saints' everlasting rest.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Good, II.

Foundations. (Matt. vii: 24-27.)

Topic for April 14th.

In every plan safety is a prime factor. Whatever attractiveness a proposition may have, if it is not safe it is folly to consider it for a moment. The wise man will not go on to complete his purposes until he is sure that he has secured safety. Jesus uses this universal instinct which prevails among brutes as well as mankind, to describe the initial step in determining our religious choices. Yet it is a remarkable fact that many do not attend carefully to that very important provision in their religious life. For, when we compare the varied beliefs and conclusions to which men are committing their souls, it is evident that they all cannot be safe. If some are right, others must be wrong, because the paths lead in exactly opposite directions.

* * *

One of the first questions is: Who is to decide what constitutes safety? No man can point out a safe path who has not gone over it himself, or has not the unquestionable evidence of another who has passed that way. No one can estimate the dangers and the difficulties of a course of action who has not a complete knowledge of all the way. It would be folly of the most pronounced type for any one to stand at the beginning of life's journey and pretend to mark out a path of safety, unless he knew every threatening danger lying along the direction the soul might pursue. Our instructor must know or we may not trust him. It is precisely this feature which gives the strength to this utterance of our Lord. No statement of his is more pronounced than these closing words of the Sermon on the Mount. He speaks because he knows the end from the beginning. Every possibility in our soul's experience must be in his eye as he makes this impressive statement, or else he is venturing where he has no right to stand.

It will thus impress itself upon us that Jesus is before us not simply for admiration or even adoration. He is our Savior for our use. When he says, "I am the Way and the Truth and the Life," he intends that we shall take hold of him and have the consciousness of being firm and immovable. We may not be able to build much of an edifice of doctrine. We may not understand a score of matters about which some others appear to be very certain. We may have great difficulties concerning questions which seem quite clear to those about us. But if we can accept this foundation, we are safe, at least. We can say to ourselves, "I am persuaded that Jesus Christ knows this pathway of human life. I am confident that he understands all the dangers and all the trend of safety; and I am going to trust him. I will be what he wants me to be, and I will do what he wants me to do." A man who goes no farther than this may not have a very large or impressive edifice of religious belief, but he will be safe, at least, amid all storms.

* * *

Another fact worth noticing here is that with such a foundation at the beginning, the largest kind of structure will some time be erected. Some of us are too much in a hurry with our religious convictions. We do not give them time enough to mature. We live in tenements which others who are in the business have built. We ought to remember that the foundation is laid (See I Cor. iii: 11). That is already done. It is a waste of time, and a folly without excuse when men go about attempting to construct foundations. That work simply cannot be done. Aside from "these words of mine," all other pretended foundations of religious belief are shifting, treacherous and fatal sand-banks.

* * *

Our work is to build on the foundation long ago fixed for our occupancy. Here is where we need the care, the skill, the thoughtfulness and the time. If we are not careless and not in a hurry, there is no limit to the structure of faith which we may ultimately erect upon this foundation to which God invites every man. This is the comfort of it. This is the inspiration of this word of Christ. We can make our lives great when they are squarely placed upon Jesus Christ as put within our reach in "these words of mine." Perhaps one of the most choice sayings of our Lord was spoken when he said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do." Every day you and I show whether on this foundation we are building "gold, silver, costly stones," or "wood, hay, stubble."

* * *

The storms are coming; have we felt them yet? Has some man or book assailed you like a tempest? Has the opportunity suddenly arisen to be rich or famous or influential, in a way which makes it impossible for you to keep your conscience clear and your life unsullied and your service true to the kingdom of God? Have you had the promise of more freedom and less responsibility, broader thought and more enticing vision, if you will plant your foot on some other foundation? Look out! Think well! Your house will fall with a crash, unless every board of it rests upon "these words of mine." With every new thought test your foundations.

Wanted.

An assistant superintendent for an orphan asylum. One of the special duties, care of boys between 10 and 14. Send applications to R. Thompson, 330 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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From the Zulu Mission, Natal, South Africa.

Adams Mission Station, Jan. 15, 1901.

Dear Friends at Home:

I am sitting right down this morning to tell you of the delightful surprise we had yesterday, our eleventh anniversary. Mr. Dorward being in America, we could not celebrate our tenth when that came around. So this was held as our *tin* wedding, as the gifts showed. Mr. Dorward had said one day to a friend, "Will you not come to help us celebrate our anniversary?" I said, "I am not going to do anything. To invite all the missionaries on this station at one time would mean that for days afterward I must suffer the consequences of over-doing." I hoped this friend would not repeat our conversation. I found out afterward that another friend had overheard, and this friend told her sister, Mrs. McCord. On Saturday she spoke to Mr. Dorward and asked him to get me out for a walk on Monday afternoon. At noon I had a number of letters from America and a book of photo's. I tried hard to settle down to the little dress I was making for a little girl whose mother was bitten by a snake and died almost instantly. She left three little children and I promised the grandmother I would make a dress apiece for the two girls. I grew very restless and finally told Mr. Dorward I would go up to Mrs. Kilbon's and read my letters and show my book. He had promised to go out with me some time towards night. There was a native man in the study. Mr. Dorward asked me to wait a little, but I said, "I want to read my letters to Mrs. Kilbon and you will not want to hear them again; when you are at liberty, come."

Before I was out of the house Mr. Dorward sent a note to Mrs. McCord, telling her of my plan. Now, if I had been going to Mrs. McCord's, I do not very well see what they would have done with me. But Mrs. Kilbon is too infirm to get out; so she had to stay at home. I had scarcely sat down when a note came to Mrs. Kilbon. I know now that it was Mr. Dorward's note to Mrs. McCord, with a little addition from her. Mrs. Kilbon read it and said to the girl, "All right." After a few moments she said, "Mrs. McCord has invited the gentlemen 'out' to tea," not "up," as she would have said had they been going there. That struck me a little later. I waited for Mr. Dorward until half-past six, then started for home. Just coming out of his pard was Dr. McCord, all dressed up. (Mr. Kilbon and his son had slipped out while I was talking to Mrs. Kilbon.) I thought, "Has he been called away again?" (He had to go to Esidumbini a few days before to see Mr. Taylor, who was very sick.) He stopped and seemed to be talking with some one. Soon he turned back and as I got farther down the hill I saw Freddie Suter, who has been with us for nearly seven weeks now. I wondered how he came there and what he was doing. As our paths came together I asked him where Mr. Dorward was. He said, "At home." I asked if the man was still there, "No, he went long

ago." Why, then, did not Mr. Dorward come? Freddie laughed and said, "He hard work to do at home." By the way he acted I knew there was some joke. I put everything together, and before I got to the house I had concluded that something was going on.

When I entered the dining room, it nearly took my breath away. The table was drawn out to its greatest length and set with good things. The room looked very festive in its green dress and bright flowers. Mrs. McCord and Miss Mullen were flying about and my girl, Inkewasi, looked as if she had entered most heartily into the plan. I hastened to make myself look more in accordance with time and place. Mrs. Bunker had sent me a beautiful pink necktie for Christmas. How glad I was of it just at this time. I felt quite dressed up with it, although I had to put on a waist I had worn a year. There were twelve in all. What a merry time we had! Chicken salad, bread, tea, cake and three kinds of fruit. As the fruit and cake were brought in, a pile of tin was placed by my side. This was a real surprise to Mr. Dorward, as well as to me. He hadn't heard of this part of the program. On top of the pile was an egg and cake beater. There was no name attached, but on a slip of paper was written:

"To beat cake, brown bread, digestible gems, etc.—except the baby. From one who hopes to help you use it." I had to make a guess as to who the giver was. It came from Miss Clark.

On a milk strainer was a card with two figures done with pen and ink—a girl with a big sunbonnet on, and the boy with his face in the sunbonnet—and this verse:

"Microbes in a kiss you say.
Right you are, my boy!
Microbes of perfect bliss,
Bacilli of joy!"

Underneath the figures was written, "Art is long and time is fleeting." This was from our artist-friend, Miss Mellen.

Two nice tins for milk, from Mrs. Kilbon: "Eat, drink and be merry"; by one who sends her representatives." From Mr. and Mrs. Kilbon, also, these lines in an envelope: "To Mr. and Mrs. Dorward: 'My people shall abide in a peaceable habitation; sure dwellings, quiet resting places.' Isa. xxxii: 18.

"Father, let thy benediction
Gently falling as the dew,
And thy ever-gracious presence
Bless them all their journey through,"

"Our prayer. Mr. and Mrs. Kilbon, Jan. 14, 1901."
In a pretty pudding dish I read—

"And solid pudding against empty praise."

"From one who remembers the pudding, not the dish." I gave two guesses for this one, for there were two solid ones at the table. Mrs. McCord was the giver.

There was another milk tin with this inscription: "Good diet, with wisdom, comforteth man." From one who has many times enjoyed your good cooking." That was from Miss Ireland.

There was a dust pan: "Little Della, with her brush and broom, makes a tidy room." From another good housekeeper." They told me Mrs. Brigdeman sent it from Durban.

On a baking dish was written:

"But this thy fare was all so light and delicate. The fruit, the cakes, the meats so dainty, frail. They would not bear a bite—no, not much—and melted away like

air (Hood). From one who enjoys your good food.—Miss Stillson."

Fied on two large spoons were these words:

"Moonie, moonie, shine on me:
Make me as spoony as I can be;
Please serve me with this spoon
When I eat soup at your Sunday dinner."

I recognized who this writer was at once—Doctor McCord. One Sunday some weeks ago, as Dr. and Mr. Dorward were walking toward the house after service, Dr. said that he had his lunch in his pocket (biscuits for the children) and Mr. Dorward had answered, laughingly, "Come up to the house and we will give you some soup." Dr. announced as soon as he entered the house that he had come to dinner. Now it happened that there was just a little of this and a little of that—hardly enough for ourselves. So you can imagine I was a little embarrassed. But I bravely told him that he could not stay. He has teased me ever since about it. He will get one of these spoons next time he dines here. But this was the best of this spoony matter: In the bowl of one of the spoons was a verse from Lowell for Mr. Dorward—

When I eat soup at your Sunday dinner."
"Long be his days, and each as lusty sweet
As gracious natures find his song to be;
My age steal on with softly cadenced feet.
Falling in music, as for him were meet,
Whose choicest verse is harsher toned than he."

In the morning I had asked Mr. Dorward to write a poem on our anniversary. He made an attempt and got the first two lines—but there it rested. When I had read all the quotations on the gifts and guessed or been told the givers' names I said to Mr. Dorward, "Now, if you had written that poem!" He put his hand in his pocket as he said to the guests: "While you were setting the table I scribbled off this; I am sorry it is no better." With this poem I will close.

JANUARY 14, 1901.

"Ten years ago today and one
We two our wedded life began;
Many and sweet the joys have been,
But few the shadows in between.

"To whom this gracious fact is due
Need surely not be told to you,
Who hold in such a choice esteem
The lovely partner you deem
The better-half!

We thank you, friends
For this, your sweet surprise, which lends
Such brightness to this hallowed day—
Another land-mark on our way.

"J. C. Dorward."

Yours with much love, Florence A. Dorward.

About Giving.—It is fun to subscribe large sums. Such subscriptions call forth delightful and merited applause, and help the tide of enthusiasm to rise. But it takes grit and grace to subscribe small amounts. They advertise one's poverty, but at the same time they reveal love for and loyalty to the cause, and to give the small amount often is at the cost of a great sacrifice. To announce the small sum costs the sacrifice of one's pride, and to pay it involves real self-denial. God bless all the givers!

Church News.

Northern California.

Cloverdale.—Seven persons united with the church last Sunday, six on confession of faith.

San Francisco, Richmond.—A Cadet Corps, consisting of thirty-one members has been formed recently, which meets every week under the leadership of Fred Brock, formerly sergeant in the Third Artillery, and L. H. Naghel.

Palermo.—There has been some progress of late. The church has been renovated and papered throughout, and is consequently improved in attractiveness and comfort. This is a beautiful and productive region. The orange and olive grow to perfection, and it is a very desirable place for homes. There is no saloon, and there is but the one religious organization in the place.

Wyandotte.—This church is prospering. The members are active and harmonious and attendance is good at all services. We have recently received the gift of a beautiful and valuable communion set from the Theodora Society of the First church, Berkeley. At the late annual meeting, Rev. L. Wallace was invited to remain as pastor another year. Communion services were held last Sunday, with one addition on confession.

Berkeley, North.—Palm Sunday was observed by this church, the pastor giving a sermon fitting the day. Holy Week services are announced for Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. On Thursday evening the Rev. W. W. Scudder of Alameda speaks on "The Symbols of Christ's Passion." Friday evening the Rev. Stephen R. Wood of Oakland will speak; and there will be a general meeting for prayer and devotion. The Easter offering will be devoted to the paying of the church debt, or to that part of it now due. If the desired amount is secured there will remain an indebtedness of only one hundred dollars.

Southern California.

Rialto.—The churches at Rialto and Bloomington, and the Bethel at San Bernardino, are now yoked together under the pastoral care of Rev. A. C. Dodd, whose work up to this time has been limited to the church at Rialto.

Los Angeles, Bethlehem.—At the annual meeting last week encouraging reports were given from nearly every department of institutional work. It is thought that the public bath arrangements will be completed early in May.

Fruitland.—This district, suburban to Los Angeles, has had for several years a Sunday-school which has been maintained by the Vernon church of that city. Within the past few weeks Evangelistic meetings have been held there under the leadership of Rev. J. J. Danks, resulting in a considerable number of conversions, and a desire on the part of the people for regular preaching services. The work of Evangelist Danks is to be followed up for the present by Pastor Sloan of the Third church, who will serve this field as an out station in connection with his city work, with a good prospect of gathering a church.

Joint Missionary Meetings at Redlands.

A fine program has been arranged for the thirteenth annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union of Southern California and the eleventh annual meeting of the Southern Branch of the Woman's Board at Redlands, April 10th, 11th, and 12th. The Home Mission-

ary meeting opens on Wednesday at 2 p. m. with devotional exercises led by Mrs. Julia E. Ely of Chicago. Mrs. S. C. W. Nordoff gives the address of welcome, Mrs. Warren F. Day the response. After fraternal greetings comes a paper by Mrs. W. J. Washburn on "The Diamond Jubilee." Then Mrs. S. G. Lamb leads in "Home Missionary Experiences." And Mrs. Dr. Tuttle of Worcester, Mass., talks on "Home Missionary Alliance." Mrs. L. M. Brinkerhoff presents an "In Memoriam" of Mrs. M. M. Smith.

Wednesday evening Mrs. Constans L. Goodell of Boston gives a Bible reading, and Mrs. Warren F. Day of Los Angeles an address.

Thursday morning the District Vice-Presidents and the Superintendents of the different departments report, also the Secretary and Treasurer and various committees. After the election of officers a "quiet hour" service is to be led by Mrs. H. M. Taylor of Rockford, Ill.

Thursday, at 2 p. m., the foreign meeting opens with Scripture and prayer by Miss Rebecca H. Smiley of Redlands. Miss M. P. Lyman of Riverside, the Foreign Secretary, gives a statement as to the missionaries. Miss Aurelia Harwood of Ontario presents "Young People's Work," and a letter from Miss Marden, former Superintendent, will be read. Miss Flora Gamble of Pomona College reads a paper on "The Present Day Appeal of Missions to Young People," Mrs. L. P. Watson of Ontario tells of the "Children's Work," and Mrs. E. M. Pease of Claremont of the "Cradle Roll." Then comes an address by Miss Mary Florence Denton of Japan.

Thursday evening there will be stereopticon views of the missions with descriptions, by Mrs. Anna S. Averill of Los Angeles. And the Rev. Henry Kingman of Claremont will give an address on "A Century of Foreign Missions."

Friday morning come reports from the Secretary and Treasurer, Vice-Presidents, etc., and election of officers. A general conference on Missionary Libraries follows; also questions and queries.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. J. B. Orr is conducting a series of meetings in the Congregational church at Santa Rosa.

The Hassalo Street church of Portland, Oregon, announces a sunrise prayer-meeting on Easter morning.

The Congregational churches of Oakland will meet in union service in the First church of that city on Friday evening.

The First church of Oakland has decided to publish The Church Record quarterly instead of monthly, as heretofore.

Los Angeles papers state that an offer of \$65,000 has been made for the First Congregational church property, exclusive of the building.

The California Home Missionary Society has assumed self-support. It is incumbent on the churches to see to it that it is, in very truth, support.

Mr. W. E. Eckles, a member of the senior class in Pacific Theological Seminary, has been called to the pastorate of the Green Valley church.

The Home Missionary contributions are not all in the treasurer's hands yet, but enough have come in to indicate that we shall reach our pledge of \$8,000. A more extended report will be given next week.

There isn't a week when The Pacific is not hard pressed for money to meet current expenses. Nothing

is more welcome at this office than a prompt renewal of subscriptions.

In his Sunday evening sermon the Rev. William Rader said: "All money-making ought to have a moral end. We are not here to loot the world, but to save it. It is better to be open-handed than close-fisted."

The Woman's Home Missionary Union of Central and Northern California has elected Mrs. C. R. Brown of the First church, Oakland, a delegate to the Home Missionary Society Meeting, to be held in Boston in May.

The Ventura Press of March 22d, in reporting the anniversary exercises of the Chinese mission station, stated that the outlook is of a hopeful character. Two Chinese were baptized by Dr. Pond as applicants for church membership.

The Rev. H. M. Tenney of San Jose is giving a series of Sunday evening lectures on the Bible, using the stereopticon. The topics are such as: "How Did We Get Our English Bible?" "The Testimony of the Manuscripts"; "The Monuments"; "The Canon of Scripture."

The Santa Barbara Independent mentions an overflowing house on a recent Sunday evening, when the services were in the interests of the Salvation Army and Rev. F. S. Forbes gave an address on Catharine Booth. Mr. Forbes ranked Mrs. Booth as one of the greatest women of the world.

Preaching recently on "The Loss that Means Life," the Rev. Dr. Norton of San Diego said: "O, my friends, don't envy the people who live in the palaces of selfishness; they are the most wretched people on earth, and are dead while they live. A life of self-seeking carries the doom of death upon it."

Pacific Coast Congregationalism cannot get along without The Pacific. This is beyond question. Let the friends of Congregationalism remember this, and renew their subscriptions promptly. The date on the label bearing the subscriber's name shows to what time the subscription is paid. Please watch it and plan to send in payment in advance very soon after it is due. That will save us postage in sending out statements; and we need to save every cent if we are to make the business a success.

Obituary.

Hannah M. Griffith died at San Mateo, March 15th, aged seventy-two years and four months. She was born at Plainfield, New Jersey, Nov. 5, 1828; a daughter of Ellis and Ann Stites. She joined the Methodist Church when fourteen years of age; was married in Newark, N. J., to John Wilson Griffith, April 29, 1846, by Rev. E. M. Griffith, his brother. Mr. Griffith came to California in 1849, coming overland from Vera Cruz, through Mexico and Lower California. Mrs. Griffith followed in 1853, with one child, coming in the clipper ship "Sweepstakes" around Cape Horn, the voyage lasting four months, arriving in San Francisco in January, 1854. She united by letter with the Powell Street M. E. church, but withdrew from there and united with the First Congregational church, July, 1856, during the pastorate of Rev. Edward S. Lacey; remained a member until the Second church (the Little Brown church), afterwards the Plymouth, was organized by Rev. John Kimball, when she and a number of others withdrew from the First, as charter members of the Second, in 1862. She remained in this fellowship until July, 1867, when she again transferred her membership to the First church. Here she remained for a number of years, until, owing to

change of residence, she joined the Westminster Presbyterian church, in 1876, remaining a member of that church until her death. For the last six years she resided at San Mateo with her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Doane, and although quite an invalid and unable to attend church, she was ever faithful to the Master and devoted to his service.
W. D. Kidd.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

The time for the spring local associations is drawing nigh, and the various program and entertainment committees are, or ought to be, well on with their work. The dates of the Western Oregon Associations are as follows: Portland Association, April 9-10th, in First church, Portland; West Willamette, April 17-18th, Hood View church, Wilsonville; East Willamette, April 23d-24th, First church, Salem. Have no advices regarding the Mid-Columbia Association, but presume it will be held some time early in May as usual.

Ten new members have been added to the Riverside church, Hood river, Rev. J. L. Hershner, pastor, since January 1st. Last Sunday ex-Representative T. R. Coon, with his wife, two sons, aged eighteen and sixteen, and two daughters, aged fourteen and twelve, united on confession of faith. Many years ago Mrs. Coon lived in Marion county, and was a member of the Salem First church when Rev. O. Dickinson was pastor.

As a result of special meetings at Hood View church, Wilsonville, conducted by Revs. J. M. and Dora Reed Barber, assisted by Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, Superintendent of Home Missions, eighteen new members were added to the church.

A genuine surprise was visited upon the Mississippi Avenue church during the past week, so unexpected that the wildest fancy could not have dreamed of it. Mr. M. E. Thompson, one of the most active of its members, and one who has business relations with some of the leading business men of the city, took the pastor, Rev. Geo. A. Taggart, out for a walk. While thus engaged a number of business men were called on, outside the church's constituency, and the necessity for a church piano was laid before them with such good effect that pocket-books cheerfully flew open and in a few hours enough cash was obtained to secure a good instrument, and it is now in place, making an important addition to the attractiveness of the church home, and all without burdening the church in any way.

The oldest member of the First church, in respect to age, but not in membership, Mrs. Eliza Higgins, aged 91 years, passed to her eternal reward last Friday. While her life had been humble in all its aspects, yet she had always been faithful to every duty placed upon her. She had many trials during her long life time, some of them of the most trying character, yet she bore them all with serenity, and always had a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Although far advanced in years she did not shrink from any duty, but did what she could. The bent form and wrinkled face of this old lady, who was always regular in her attendance at prayer-meeting, and at the Sunday services, even up to within a few weeks, will be greatly missed.

Passion week services were very appropriately begun today at the morning service by the pastor preaching on "The Coming King." This evening Stainer's oratorio, "The Crucifixion," will be rendered by a choir of sixteen voices, and evening services will be held as follows during the week: Tuesday evening, "The Prominence of the Cross in the Preaching of the Early Church."

Wednesday evening, "The Place of the Cross in Christian Art." Thursday evening, "The Influence of the Cross in Christian Ritual." Friday evening, "The Emphasis of the Cross in Christian Thought."

Portland, March 30, 1901.

Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

An Ecclesiastical Council was held agreeably to letters missive with the Greenlake church of Seattle for the examination and ordination of Mr. William Burnett and his recognition as pastor of that church. Of the Seattle churches there were represented Plymouth, Taylor, Edgewater, University and Pilgrim; also the churches of Everett and Lowell. These with Rev. J. D. Kingsbury, D.D., Revs. S. M. Freeland and Samuel Green constituted the Council.

Rev. R. B. Hassell of Everett was made Moderator and Rev. T. C. Wiswell Scribe. The examination, which was carefully conducted by the Moderator, resulted in the unanimous recommendation that the church proceed to ordain the candidate and that the Council extend to him the recognition and the fellowship of the churches. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Kingsbury and the ordaining prayer was offered by Rev. J. T. Nichols, other parts by the Moderator and Rev. E. L. Smith. Mr. Burnett, though for sometime a resident of the Coast and a member of the church at Everett, and giving much time as a lay-preacher and worker with the Lowell church, has had a prolonged course of study and training in the schools of Edinburgh, Scotland, and of Montreal, Canada. The Council was delighted with his fitness as a teacher and preacher and the excellent spirit manifested in now entering more actively into the life of a minister of the gospel.

On the 17th, Superintendent Greene of the C. S. S. & P. S. was again at White Salmon, Klickitat county, almost directly opposite Hood River, Ore., across the Columbia river, to which place he has been giving frequent services for the past eight months, with the hope of re-organizing the work which previously, for several years, had almost entirely lapsed. A church was gathered here by Dr. Atkinson in 1879 under the name of the Bethel church, and, although it went on to our Year Book, was never considered by the people of the community as a distinctively Congregational church. For several years, at different periods, a pastor was employed and partially supported by the C. H. M. S., but latterly there has been no pastor or regular supply of the pulpit and the little body of Christians became the prey of tramp preachers of various denominations and some of no denomination, until about destroyed. On the recent passing away of the late Deacon J. R. Warner, a few families began to look about to find what was left to give moral stability to the community and Christian direction and example to the scores of young men and women and the children. They found that practically all was gone of the old organization save three persons and two of them about eighty years of age had become allied to the Seventh Day Adventists, although never having taken their letters from the Bethel church.

Their church property, an acre of land and a small unfinished building, was also in jeopardy as to its title, because of the death of one trustee, the extreme age of another, and the non-residence of the third. Last week saw the re-organization of the church, four persons uniting with the one remaining member, the incorporation under the name of the Bethel Congregational church of White Salmon and the election of Trustees and other officers.

The new body purpose to enlarge, improve and complete the church building, and are raising several hundred dollars among themselves and in the community and will apply to the C. C. B. S. for a small grant. They have already come into possession of property by a deed made by the surviving Trustees, who held the same without an incorporation.

It is gratifying to all friends of Whitman College to know that by the generosity of an unknown friend the Trustees have received a gift of \$5,000 with which to cancel the debt against Billings Hall—such remembrances go to indicate that Whitman has yet very strong friends who are watching its interests. It also appears from the Whitman College Pioneer that Ross R. Brattam of the class of '01 has been elected assistant principal of the Tung Wen Institute of Amoy, China, an Imperial school maintained by the Chinese government. The young man should be congratulated upon the "open door" of usefulness thus offered him.

Seattle, March 23d.

Book Notices.

"Thirty Eventful Years." Under this title the American Board has just published the story of its mission in Japan, prepared by the late M. L. Gordon, D.D. The sketch fills 120 octavo pages, besides giving twenty pages of excellent photo-engravings, including nearly a dozen groups, and portraits of eighteen or twenty prominent men connected with Christian work in Japan. The pamphlet is beautiful in appearance and the story is told in a most attractive way, abounding in striking incidents. Price, postpaid, twenty-five cents. Address Rev. Walter Frear, Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco, or Charles E. Swett, A. B. C. M., Congregational House, Boston.

"The Ecumenical Missionary Conference." In a two-volume report the addresses at this great missionary conference have been given in such a manner as to give a true conception of the conference, to increase the motive power of the church, to enlarge its vision of the great world field, and to promote the development of a science of missions. There is in connection a brief history of the conference, and all in all the publication is a valuable one to every person interested in missions. Any one not interested will find an interest awakened by even a little reading of these volumes. [American Tract Society, New York. \$1.50.]

"Lambs of the Fold." This is a beautiful little souvenir, designed to be given to children at their baptism. It has 16 pages and an illustrated cover, is 7 by 8 inches in size, and comes enclosed in an envelope. It has several beautiful half-tone illustrations of Christ and the children, part being reproduced from famous pictures, part from original drawings. There is a page on which the name of the child is to be inscribed, with date of baptism, etc. Other pages have illuminated texts and poems with artistic embellishment, the whole concluding with a very beautiful and appropriate form of baptismal or consecration service. We have never seen anything of the kind so appropriate as this. [Pilgrim Press, Boston, 25 cents each; \$2.50 per dozen.]

Magazines.

The April number of St. Nicholas comes with its usual interesting and valuable articles for the young people.

The Delineator for April contains interesting sketches of Queen Wilhelmina and Baroness Burdett-Coutts. There is the usual large amount of fashion articles. The Delineator is supreme in its field.

The April Century has among its popular articles

"Personal Reminiscences of Queen Victoria," "Malaria and Certain Mosquitos," and the second of its valuable articles on the iron and steel industries. Among the stories especially deserving mention is the one entitled "The Great Heresy Trial of the Rev. Epaphroditus Plummer."

The Review of Reviews for April has among its most noteworthy articles one on "The Relation of the Family Doctor to Recent Progress in Medical Science." And one on "The Indian Territory—Its Status, Development and Future." The editorials on "The Progress of the World" give one a far better knowledge of really important current events than could be had from the most earnest and careful reading of the daily papers. If we had to choose between a daily paper and the Review of Reviews we should take the latter.

The Missionary Review of the World for April contains an article by President Capen of the American Board, on "Foreign Missions and Home Problems." Dr. R. A. Hume writes of the famine in India. The leading article is a tribute to the character of the late Queen of Great Britain and her influence on the Christian character of her people. We commend this magazine to all who wish the very best on missions. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York. \$2.50 a year.

The World's Work for April maintains its high standard. The articles concerning Andrew Carnegie, J. Pierpont Morgan and Charles M. Schwab are timely and valuable. Among other articles worthy special mention are: "A Sea Captain's Day's Work," "The Rise of the Russian Jew" and "Our Prairies and the Orient." In "The March of Events" one gets an admirable record of the important occurrences of the month passed. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York publish this new magazine for \$3 a year.

Atmosphere of Goodness.

Many of our readers have stood in the room in Dresden where the picture known as the Sistine Madonna is placed; and the beautiful picture has made the room a sanctuary. There are no signs posted requesting silence—none are necessary. The picture is enough to bring all loud tones to whispers, and all rough ways are softened to gentleness when people enter the room. Men and women look, and think deeply, and then go out. The picture has created its own atmosphere.

It is so pure, so beautiful and so holy that every soul which comes where it is must be hushed and ennobled by the picture. It is a sign of the deeper principle by virtue of which the soul creates its own atmosphere. It is so easy to be noble when we are in the presence of some people, and so easy to be base when we are with others. This is because character makes an atmosphere of its own—we are sensitive to the tonic of strength and purity, and we respond to the depression of an atmosphere contaminated by moral poison.

And so there is a test of character which is very severe and radical. It is simply this: Does your presence and influence make it easier for other men to be noble when they are with you? Is the atmosphere of your spirit bracing, or depressing, to the people who come in contact with you? The atmosphere of character is made spontaneously. It is nothing that we can give being to by striving to have it thus. The nature of goodness is to create a world of goodness in which it dwells. We are responsible for being of such a character that our world will make others better. Character creates its own atmosphere. We are responsible for character, which is far more than reputation.—Zion's Herald.

The Home.

The Rage for Novel-Reading.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler,

Let any one stand for an hour or two alongside of the delivery tables of the public libraries in our cities and he will observe that the number of novels handed out to applicants equals the number of all other literary productions combined; in some libraries the novels called for are far in excess of all the other books. Let any one scrutinize the advertising columns of literary journals and he will see that the only startling figures are those which announce the enormous sales of popular works of fiction. Now and then a work like the Arctic discoveries of Nansen, or a biography like that of General Grant will have a great run; but even they are distanced by the novels which sell at the rate of five thousand in a single day. The most popular devotional writer at present is my well-beloved friend, Dr. J. R. Miller of Philadelphia. His volumes are of small size, have very attractive titles, and they treat of the most vital questions of every-day experience in the most fresh, engaging and delightful manner. Yet I could name four recent novels whose combined sale in thirty days exceeds the total sale of Dr. Miller's most popular dozen books in twenty years! The rage among authors is to produce a "booming" novel; the rage with the public is to buy it and devour it.

I am not uttering a tirade against any book simply because it is fictitious. Our divine Master spoke often in parables. Bunyan's matchless allegories have guided multitudes of pilgrims towards the Celestial city. Fiction in the clean hands of that king of romancers, Sir Walter Scott, threw new light on the history and manners of the past; such characters as Jeanie Deans and her godly father and Reuben Butler might have been taken from the portrait gallery of John Bunyan; Lady Di Vernon is the ideal of fascinating young womanhood. Fiction in the hands of Mrs. Stowe became a tremendous catapult for the overthrow of an institution over whose grave no tears are now shed by our fellow-countrymen in the South. We may well be thankful that the genius of a Thackeray, a Dickens, a Macdonald and many another has been employed to expose social wrongs, to make virtue attractive and vice loathsome. Fiction has an honest province in making this sinning and sobbing old world better; it has often been a harmless relief to a good man's over-worked and weary brain.

Some of the recent popular novels are wholesome in their tone; and the "historical" type are often instructive. The chief objection to the best of them is that they excite a distaste in the minds of thousands for any other reading than works of fiction; and exclusive reading of fiction is to any one's mind just what highly spiced food and a brandy bottle are to any one's body. The increasing rage for novel-reading betokens both a famine to the intellect, and a serious peril to the moral and spiritual life. The honest truth is that a vast number of fictitious works are subtle poisoners.

The plots of many of the most popular novels turn on the sexual relations, and the violations in some form of the Seventh Commandment. They kindle evil passions; they varnish and veneer vice; they deride connubial purity; they make heroes of seducers and heroines of adulteresses; they uncover what ought to be hid, and paint in attractive hues what ought never to be seen by any pure eye, or named by any modest tongue. Would any modest maiden dare to read aloud some of these popular novels before her father and mother?

Another objection to many of the much-advertised works of fiction is that they deal with the sacred themes of religion and in the most mischievous and misleading manner. A very few popular writers of fiction—notably "Ian Maclaren" and Charles M. Sheldon—present evangelical religion in its winsome features; they preach with the pen the same truths that they preach from the pulpit. But what parent would want his or her son or daughter to draw their religious impressions from Hall Caine's "Christian," or many another novelist who perverts, or caricatures the most sacred truths taught in God's Word? Two of the perils that threaten American youth are a licentious stage and a poisonous popular literature. A highly intelligent lady who has examined many of the novels most current during the last decade said to me today, "The main purpose of most of these books is to knock away the underpinning of the marriage relation, or of the Bible." It is not strange that conversions are so few, and that evangelical religion makes no greater headway when multitudes have no other reading on the Lord's day than the godless Sunday newspapers, and but little reading during the week except the novels that pour in such an increasing deluge from the press. If parents give houseroom to trashy or to corrupting books, they need not be surprised if their children give heart-room to the world, the flesh and the Evil One. When instructive and profitable books are so abundant and so cheap, this increasing rage for novels is one of the portentous "signs of the times."—The Evangelist.

"The Kind of Preaching."

A Denver lawyer recently gave an address on "The Kind of Preaching Needed Today," saying some things which it were well for ministers to heed. Among other things he said:

"What in my judgment the pews want first and foremost is that you preach a living and abiding faith. We want men in the pulpit who can say from experience, 'I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him.' The pulpit is no place to ventilate your doubts. The pews have enough of their own to contend with.

"Men, women and children come to your pews on Sunday, tired and heart-sick with the struggle against the meanness and cupidity of others, and disheartened over their own failure to maintain their integrity. They come to you to be told how they may overcome the world, the flesh and the devil; they want to be spiritually refreshed and heartened for the struggle that comes on the morrow. Are you going to fill that want with a scientific lecture? Are you going to fill it with pious platitudes? Do you think that a lecture upon the cliff-dwellers of Arizona, or stereopticon views of your travels in the Holy Land, all very good in their place, are going to meet that need?

"Brethren, we do not fill your pews on Sunday to hear a lecture on science. We are not vitally interested in the authorship of the Book of Job, but we would like to know how we may meet the tempter, who comes to us when we fail, and says to us, 'Curse God and die,' and come out conquerors.

"I think the good minister should be much like the good physician. I want my physician to be thoroughly educated. I want him to know the anatomy of my body. I want him to be able to diagnose my complaint accurately and to know what is the proper remedy, and to have the courage to apply it, and if my complaint needs the knife, I want him to know where, when and how deep to make the incision. I may not enjoy the process, but

when the cure is accomplished I shall love and respect the one who caused the pain that health might come.

"I want him also to teach me how to keep in good health, and when I am sick and call him to minister to my need, I don't want him to deliver me a lecture on materia medica. I am not much interested just then regarding the kind of microbes that are holding a convention in my body. I want to be cured. If I have appendicitis, I don't want a lecture on surgery. I am not then interested in the question whether the appendix is or is not of any use to my system, but I want a knife applied quickly and accurately.

"So it is with the pews. We want our clergy educated; we want you to be able to give a reason for the faith that is in you. We want you to study sociology that you may know what is morally wrong with the body politic. But we come to the pews on Sunday, not to hear a lecture on sociology, or psychology, but we want you to tell us how to apply the remedy.

"What, then, is the need of the pews today? I would answer, The spirit of the Master. How can the pulpit meet that need? I would answer, By preaching his gospel of peace on earth and good will among men."

Patience with Self.

"Bear with yourself in correcting faults as you would with others." So wrote Fenelon two hundred years ago. Nor is there even in "The Imitation of Christ," a caution more helpful to our poor weak nature. When a man's temper gets the better of him, so that he explodes in anger, as soon as he begins to recover from it he is apt to go to the other extreme, and be in a rage with himself which may satisfy his sense of justice, but does not help him to be a better man. In the old times a monk shut up in his monastery, if he had a temptation of the devil, would go into his cell, and throw himself on the stone floor, and call on a brother to "give him the discipline," which was to beat him with stripes until he was almost black and blue. We do not stoop to this, but we do not do much better when we think to make it all up by flood of tears. It is never wise to carry repentance to the point of hysterics—for that in one's secret heart will be a sort of atonement for his sin, and will so relieve his conscience that he will be all ready for the next temptation. Better for him to put a check on his self-torment, only confessing wrong with a "humble, lowly, penitent and obedient heart," and praying God to forgive him. So he will rise from his knees with new strength, and go on his way, not too confident, but cautious of his steps, and having always in his heart the humility born of forgiveness, which is the best constraint to lead him on safely to the end.—The Evangelist.

Free to Everybody.

Dr. J. M. Willis, a specialist of Crawfordsville, Indiana, will send, free, by mail, to all who send him their address, a package of Pansy Compound, which is two weeks' treatment, with printed instructions, and is a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, la grippe, and blood poison.

The medical faculty of the University of Heidelberg has made an interesting report on the effect of the incandescent light, whether gas or electric, upon the eyes. After mature deliberation, they have decided that the incandescent light is not harmful, and they specially recommend electricity for lighting halls and places of entertainment.

Our Boys and Girls.

True to Himself.

LILLIAN CUSHING.

"To thine own self be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not be false to any man."

"It's enough to discourage any fellow, such miserable health. I'll never be able to go West either; where would I get the money?"

Alan Lane thus meditated as he walked homeward in the twilight of a spring day. He was a large, finely-built young man, but a strange weakness and lassitude had come upon him of late. He fought against sickness as a strong man will, but it steadily sapped his strength day by day.

He was returning from the doctor's this evening in a very discouraged mood. He had been told that a year or two spent among the mountains of California was his only hope.

"There's just fifty dollars left in the bank at Roysville, and that will soon be gone if—Hello! what's this!" Alan's foot had kicked a dark object lying in the road. Picking it up he was amazed to find it was a leather wallet filled with bank notes.

A voice within him muttered, "Now you can go West"; another voice whispered, "It is not yours."

Examining the contents further, the young man found the name of an old farmer who lived fifteen miles across the hills in the opposite direction in which he was going.

Again a voice within suggested that "tomorrow would do; he need not return the money tonight when he was so tired." But again that soft tone whispered, "How much sorrow and anxiety you can save, if you go tonight."

It was now quite dark, except for the mellow radiance of a young moon, which hung in the western horizon. And Night flung her glittering gems across the sky; those wonderful, beautiful stars, ever watchful, ever bright. Men have called them "the forget-me-nots of God."

Quickening his pace almost to a run, Alan was soon at home. Telling his mother that he must go out again immediately, he hurriedly ate the food she had prepared for him. Then bidding her not sit up for him he kissed her and went to the barn to saddle one of the old farm horses.

"Nell, you and I have got a long ride before us," Alan said, as he stroked the forehead of the patient beast. You are tired, I know, but right is right. He will be so glad," mused the boy.

It was midnight when he reached Farmer Beck's house. There were lights still burning and the troubled, anxious face of the old man peered from the doorway in response to Alan's knock.

"May I stay here the rest of the night," he asked. "Why, it's Alan Lane," and the voice of the farmer trembled as he said, "Certainly, my lad. We are in dreadful trouble and all upset, but come in; we will try to make you comfortable. I went to Roysville today and drew a thousand dollars to pay for a drove of hogs, and"—here the old voice shook so that Alan could hardly understand—"I lost it on the way home."

After asking what kind of a wallet the money was in, Alan drew it from his pocket and giving it to Farmer Beck, simply said, "I found this where the two roads meet near our house."

"Thank the Lord," said Mrs. Beck, reverently, who had stood near the hearth silently weeping.

"Waal, now," was all the aged man could utter, while his eyes grew big with surprise. But he gripped the young man's hand strongly in unspoken gratitude. Presently, turning to his wife with a bright smile, he said, "You tell the boy what this means to us."

"You shall always be like a son to us, Alan," the kindly voice of the wife replied; "wherever you need a home or help in any way, remember we are your friends. Can we do anything for you now to show our gratitude?"

"Don't thank me or praise me for doing what was right, my friends," said Alan earnestly, "and as for reward, your friendship is abundant recompense and a clear conscience," he added laughingly.

In the morning the old people again thanked their guest, and bade him come often to visit them.

Riding home on Nell, Alan thought he had never seen so fine a day.

The morning sunlight shone warm over budding trees and grassy hillsides. Now and then the faint, sweet breath of the woodland violet was wafted on the light breeze and wild birds caroled their joyous strains.

The discouragement of the previous day had vanished with the night, as doubts and fears generally do when we bring them into the glowing sunshine of a new day.

"If I must leave home in search of health, there will be a way provided," Alan said aloud; "a fellow has no business to be sick in body or mind on a fine morning like this."

Several days later a colored boy rode into the yard at Mr. Lane's leading a beautiful black pony. Alan saw him coming and went out to see what he wanted.

"What can I do for you, Tom?" he called.

"Jest take this critter ofen my han's," grinned the darkie.

"Who does she belong to?" said Alan, gazing in admiration at the fine animal.

"Belongs to you, suh, if you'll take her, with Marse Beck's compliments."

Oakland, Calif.

He Edited a Little Paper.

A story is told of a young sophomore, the newly-appointed editor of a college paper in New England, who, on his way home in vacation, some years ago, made the acquaintance of a gentleman on a railroad train.

"Englishman, I perceive," airily began our college boy.

The stranger bowed.

"You must find much to amuse you in this country. We are so very crude, so new!" said the sophomore, who was an Anglo-maniac. "There is one thing however on which I flatter myself, we compare favorably with John Bull—our newspapers. The journalists of this country rank high, sir—high!"

Having received a civil reply he continued:

"I am myself an editor. Like to look at a copy of our paper?" pulling out the small sheet from his pocket. "Now you have no idea—nobody not in the profession can have any idea—of the labor and mental strain involved in that small sheet. Keep it. There may be a paragraph or two in it that is worth considering, even if it does come from this side of the water."

His companion changed his place soon afterward; and the amused conductor, who had overheard the conversation, said to the young man:

"Do you know who that was?"

"No."

"It was Mr. Walter, of the London Times."—Youth's Companion.

Three Boys Whom Miss Williard Knew.

Let me tell you about three splendid boys I knew once on a time. Their father died, and their dear mother was left to bring them up and to earn the money with which to do it. So these young fellows set in to help her. By taking a few boarders, doing the work herself, and practicing strict economy, this blessed woman kept out of debt, and gave each of her sons a thorough college education. But if they hadn't worked like beavers to help her she never could have done it. He oldest boy—only fourteen—treated his mother as if she was the girl he loved best. He took the heavy jobs of housework off her hands, put on a big apron and went to work with a will; washed the potatoes, pounded the clothes, ground the coffee, waited on table—did anything and everything that he could coax her to let him do, and the younger ones followed his example right along. Those boys never wasted their mother's money on tobacco, beer or cards. They kept at work and found any amount of pleasure in it. They were happy, jolly boys, too, full of fun, and everybody not only liked, but respected and admired them. All the girls in town praised them, and I don't know any better fortune for a boy than to be praised by good girls, nor anything that boys like better.

They all married noble and true women, and to-day one of the boys is president of a college, goes to Europe every year almost, and is in demand for every good word and work; another lives in one of the most elegant houses in Evanston, and is my "beloved physician," while a third is a well-to-do wholesale grocer in Pueblo, Col., and a member of the city council.

I tell you, boys who are good to their mother and to their sisters in the house, always grow up to be nice men. Now I am not blaming you boys, nor anybody else. I know that any number of you are good and generous as you can be, and I know, too, that you haven't been taught to think about these things.—Miss Willard, in Union Signal.

He'll Do.

"He'll do," said a gentleman decisively, speaking of an office boy who had been in his employ but a single day.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he gives himself up so entirely to the task in hand. I watched him while he swept the office, and although a procession with three or four brass bands in it went by the office while he was at work, he paid no attention to it, but swept on as if the sweeping of that room were the only thing of any consequence on this earth at that time. Then I set him to addressing some envelopes, and although there were a lot of picture papers and other papers on the desk at which he sat, he paid no attention to them, but kept right on addressing those envelopes until the last one of them was done. He'll do, because he is thorough and in dead earnest about everything."

You may naturally be a very smart person; you may be so gifted that you can do almost anything, but all that you do will lack perfection if you do not do it with all your heart and strength.—Christian Endeavor World.

Being Worth Knowing.

A girl, eager, ambitious, restless for many things, once heard two sentences that changed much of her life. They were these: "Would you be known. Then be worth knowing."

In a flash she saw how cheap an ambition hers had been and how selfish. Who was she to long for the

friendship of high souls? What had she to give them in return for the treasure of their lives? Would she, as she was, even understand their language?

In humility and sorrow she prayed again—no longer that she might be known, but that, in God's good time, her own life might grow strong and beautiful, that she might prove worthy of all the blessings that were given her. Then, since God in his wisdom teaches us to answer many of our own prayers, she began to study, to read and to think and to try to love greatly. So years passed.

Did she become known? Never as in her girlish dreams. But she found something far, far better. For she learned that to be known is nothing and to try to be worth knowing that one may be known is less than nothing, but to lift one's soul to highest living, because one will not be satisfied with lesser things, is a task whose joy deepens with every passing year and reaches on into God's eternity.—Forward.

"He Leadeth Me."

A little girl and her papa were on their way home, hand in hand, when the child in her playfulness said: "Now, papa, let's play I am a poor blind girl, and you must lead me hold your hand tight, and you must lead me along and tell me where to step and how to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and the walk began. "Now step up;" "Now step down;" "Here we go around the corner," and so on, until they reached home, when the little one said: "Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeped once."

"But," said her mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you would fall, dear?" With a look of trusting love, came the answer: "Oh, no, mamma; I had tight hold of papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."—Selected.

Hugh Macmillan says: "Every Christian is producing two sets of influences. Two currents of power issue from him, which set in motion the wheels of life around him. One is the unconscious, involuntary influence of his real character; the other is the voluntary influence of what he consciously says and does—what he says and does for a special purpose. Now these two currents which flow from him may be opposed to each other. The character may be saying one thing, and the lips and conduct another. A man preaches love to Christ and to men; but if his own heart and life are not saturated with this love—if it is not an experience in his own heart, he will preach in vain; for the language of nature will be opposed to the language of his lips; the influence of his character will contradict the influence of his words. The power of character arises from its truthfulness."

A Chinese Boy's Composition.

"To-day I saw a boy, his father is a beggar. He said his father had a golden cup. He told a lie. This morning I heard a boy, he said he can fly. And he can walk upon the water. This boy very bad. Because he said too lied."

A complete record of the plant kingdom has been begun by Prof. A. Engler, who will be aided by the Prussian Government and the Imperial Academy of Sciences. Each of the 280 families will form a monograph by itself, with a separate index. The great undertaking will occupy many years.

"STEER STRAIGHT FOR ME."

"A fisherman who habitually drank to excess," says a writer in "Our Boys and Girls," "used to sail from a small cove on the Scottish coast to the fishing grounds, several miles out in the ocean. There was no lighthouse to guide him, not even a beacon light, and the channel was intricate. When the fisherman had taken a drop too much, and night had fallen, it was dangerous work entering that cove.

"His little son used to watch for his father's coming, and soon as he saw him, he would run down to the point, and cry out: 'Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!'

"The boy died, and one evening the father was sitting at his lonely fireside. His conscience troubled him, for he had been thinking over the sins of his life. As the night settled down, he thought he heard the voice of his boy ring out through the darkness: 'Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!'

"Springing to his feet, he called out: 'You're right this time, my son!'

"From that moment he was a changed man; he gave his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, and served him until he was taken to heaven to join his little son whom he had loved so much."

THE ENGLISHMAN'S FRANK TOAST.

A well-known local minister, who has just returned from an extended western trip, tells the following:

"Recently in Los Angeles five prominent gentlemen of foreign birth chanced to meet. One was a Russian, one a Turk, one a Frenchman, one an American, and one an Englishman. These gentlemen became bosom friends, and finally a supper was proposed, at which each gentleman, to be in keeping with the times, was to give a toast to his native country, the one giving the best to be at no expense for the feast. Here are the toasts given:

The Russian: "Here's to the stars and bars of Russia, that were never pulled down."

The Turk: "Here's to the moons of Turkey, whose wings were never clipped."

The Frenchman: "Here's to the cock of France, whose feathers were never picked."

The American: "Here's to the Stars and Stripes of America, never trailed in defeat."

The Englishman: "Here's to the rampin', roarin' lion of Great Britain, that tore down the stars and bars of Russia, clipped the wings of Turkey, picked the feathers off the cock of France, and ran like Jehu from the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America."

No person is born great. If a man becomes great, it is by that struggle in life by which he develops himself. Greatness consists not in what one has, but in what use one makes of his possessions; not in capacity, but in a right exercise of that capacity.—Beecher.

God wants every man to be a Christian, not simply because he wants that man to be happy, but because there is work for him to do.—Ruskin.

VIEWS OF THE CROSS.

The soldiers saw in Christ a criminal, with cruelty.

The women saw in Christ a benefactor, with sorrow.

His mother saw in Christ a son, with anguish.

The disciples saw in Christ blighted hopes, with perplexity.

The first thief saw in Christ a malefactor, with hardness.

The second thief saw in Christ a king, with penitence.

The centurion saw in Christ divinity, with conviction.

The priests saw in Christ an impostor, with mockery.—D. L. Moody.

Prayer is good. I counsel it to you again and again, in joy, in sickness of heart. The infidel will not pray; the creed slave prays to the image in his box.—George Meredith.



A Soldier's Life

Is one of hardship and exposure, and the dangers from disease are as great as from shell and bullet. Here is a story of a life that was saved:

"I enlisted in Company E, First Regiment New York Volunteers, at the beginning of the war with Spain. While on garrison duty at Honolulu I was stricken with malaria, which was complicated with kidney trouble. I was in the hospital twenty-one days, and when discharged my health was shattered.

"A week after I came out of the hospital the regiment sailed for home. I arrived home a perfect wreck, reduced in weight from 175 to 140 pounds.

"My mother is a strong believer in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and she persuaded me to take them. I did, and experienced a decided relief by the time I had taken three boxes. When I had taken five boxes I was entirely cured. The pain was all gone, my appetite was good and I had gained in flesh and strength. To-day I am a well man, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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WISHING



It may be true of virtue that "But to wish more virtue is to gain," but it is not true that wishing for health brings us a step nearer the realization of our wish. Health must be sought and striven for. There are more than half a million people who have found health, each in the same way, and by the same means. That way and means are open to you. If you are suffering with obstinate, lingering cough, bleeding of the lungs, bronchitis, emaciation, weakness, a condition which if neglected or unskillfully treated, leads to consumption, begin at once the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It never fails to help. It perfectly heals ninety-eight out of every hundred who give it a fair and faithful trial.

Sick persons are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely free of all fee or charge. Every letter is held as strictly private and sacredly confidential, and all answers are sent in plain envelopes, bearing no printing upon them. The experience of Dr. Pierce often enables him to suggest auxiliary treatment specially adapted to the individual case. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

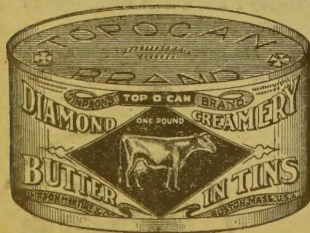
"About one year ago I began to be troubled with a dry, hacking cough, and a hurting through my breast so that I could hardly go about or do my house work for myself and husband," writes Mrs. Alice Holton, of St. Albans, Kanawha Co., W. Va. "I let my trouble go on until about eight months ago I got one of Dr. R. V. Pierce's little pamphlets. I learned of a great remedy for such diseases, and I wrote to the World's Dispensary Medical Association in a short time after reading the little book. They soon gave an answer and advised me what to do. I followed their advice and I soon found relief by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I have used three bottles of it and now feel like a new person."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do not become a necessity to the system they have relieved of accumulations and obstructions.

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HE LEFT.

A skeptical young man confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. The Quaker said:

"Dost thou believe in France?"

"Yes; though I have not seen it, I have seen others that have; besides, there is plenty of corroborative proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others have not seen?"

"No, to be sure I won't."

"Did thee ever see thine own brains?"

"No."

"Ever see anybody that did?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

The young man left.

I believe that wherever guidance is honestly and simply sought, it is certainly given. As to our discernment of it, I believe it depends upon the measure in which we are walking in the light.—Newton.

Believe that the highest you ever have been you may be all the time, and vastly higher still if only the power of the Christ can occupy you and fill your life all the time.—Phillips Brooks.

The Christian does not attempt to fight temptation in his own strength; his watchfulness lies in observing its approach, and in telling God of it by prayer.—Mason.

For General Debility

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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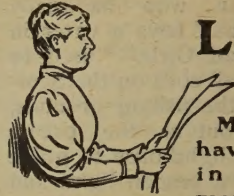
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BREVITIES.

The great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail, and not drift nor lie at anchor. —Holmes.

The "New York Observer" says: "In spite of all the fierce attacks upon it, and absurd misunderstandings of it, we are not afraid for the Bible. Critics may come and go, but the Word of the Lord endures. The Bible will stand."

Faith is mother of love; faith accompanieth love in all her works to fulfill as much as there lacketh in our doing the law of that perfect love which Christ had to his Father, and us in his fulfilling the law for us.—Tyndale.

Life without industry is guilt, and industry without intellect is brutality. All the busy world of flying looms and whirling spindles begins in the quiet thought of some scholar cloistered in his closet.—Ruskin.

Rooms to Let

BY THE

DAY, WEEK, or MONTH.